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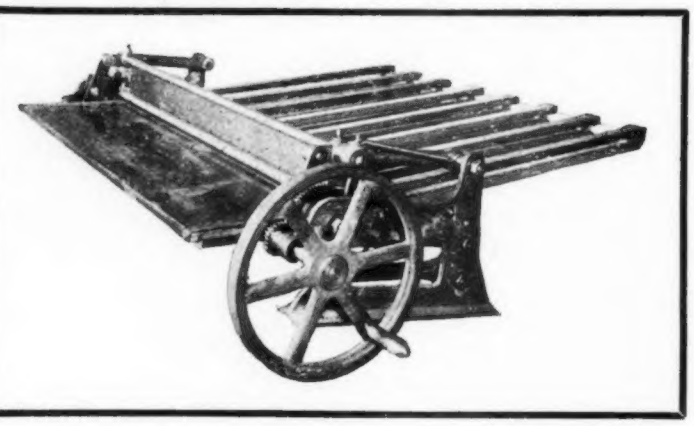

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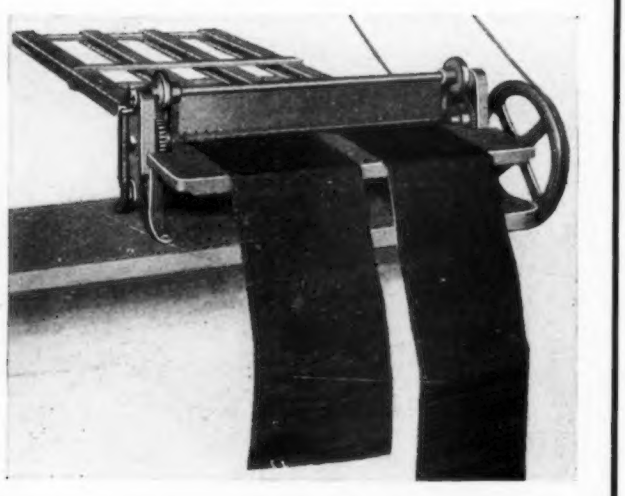

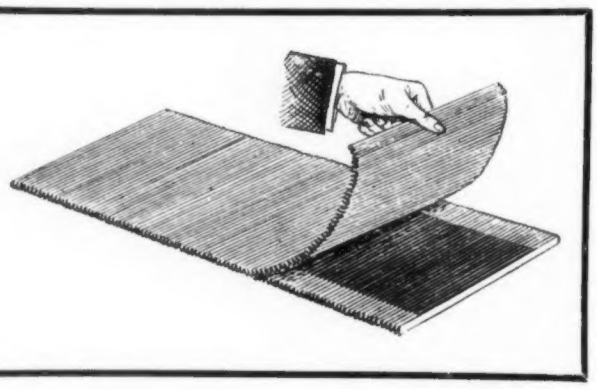

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H. S. BROWN, Inventor, 92 White St., New York

THE visit of the Czar and Czarina to Compiègne has brought a marvelous display of gowns, and among all these the preference for white was very evident. Parisian dressmakers have outdistanced themselves in evolving masterpieces of art and have given to each gown a distinction of its own.

White is the order of the day. Every one knows the predilection her Imperial Majesty has for white gowns and with the best of reasons, for nothing is so handsome as white. It is suitable for all ages. In flowing lines it forms the apparel of infancy and is the pure garb of maidenhood. The white robe envelops the figure of the bride who later, as a young matron, is never more attractive than when clad in white, either a stately gown for the ball or a dainty négligé of soft silk or mousseline.

Later, very much later, when the soft tresses are covered with the snow of years, how much elegance is evidenced by the stately matron in the choice of a ball gown of heavy brocade enriched with rare lace and harmonizing so well with the pale, gentle face and the silvery hair.

White and black is one of the favorite combinations, often made still more attractive by the addition of a third color, for instance, a pale, delicate green, blue or pink, in the shape of a belt or a chou.

The same preference for white is evidenced in the choice of ermine, which is celebrating a triumphant revival on Winter gowns. It seems that Frenchwomen are not content to have their wraps lined with this costly fur, but are also choosing muffs and entire jackets fashioned of it. The elegance of the fur necessitates no other garniture, save perhaps a few sable tails or Brandenbourgs. Of course wraps and jackets of this fur are suitable only for carriage and evening wear, and on that account alone will not find the same favor here as in Paris.

A fashion article without some reference to the sleeve would be very much like a kite without a tail, and in truth the possibilities of that necessary appendage are practically unlimited. One of the latest developments is a three-quarter length sleeve, open at the inside seam nearly to the shoulder to display a bishop sleeve of gauze or lace underneath. The edges of the inside opening may be cut in square tabs with spaces between and joined to hold the sleeve in place, or cut in inverted scallops, the points joining very prettily over the gauze. Of course these are trimmed on the edges in some manner, with narrow velvet ribbon, possibly, or stitched bands which extend around the bottom of the sleeve. Another pretty sleeve is a series of vertical tucks from the shoulder to a little above the elbow, where it swells out into a soft little puff just over the elbow and a close-fitting undersleeve to the wrist, where there is a becoming but little extension over the hand. Still another model seen in a pink mousseline gown is tucked from a little below the shoulders where the fulness forms a puff, to the elbow puff, and bands of black velvet are set in between the tucks ending in a full, loop bow. The undersleeve is also close fitting.

Sashes and belts are a telling feature of the newest gowns and something very suggestive of old-time modes comes in the exquisite brocaded ribbon used for belts fastened with diamond buckles or buttons and sometimes falling in long sash ends. These are specially pretty for mousseline and chiffon gowns.

* * *

A unique and quite attractive use of black velvet ribbon is exemplified in one of the late models carried out in pink mousseline, the skirt being trimmed around with bands of white lace insertion, beginning at either side of a narrow tablier front, finely tucked in vertical lines and outlined from each side with insertion threaded in and out with the encircling bands. The novel feature of the gown is in the inch-wide black velvet ribbon which stripes the back and sides of the bodice as well as of the skirt, each stripe ending in a loop, a little above the hem.

That hand embroidery is to have a province extending far beyond the realm of blouses is an established fact. Tailor gowns show touches of embroidery in revers, wristbands, waistcoats, etc. Coats also call embroidery to their aid, and house gowns and evening gowns use embroidery in all sorts of novel ways.. A line of embroidery between two bands of inset lace is a favorite trimming on light wool gowns, and sashes and scarfs of soft mousseline, etc., are exquisitely embroidered. A white voile gown whose scalloped edges were embroidered with sprays of lilies of the valley, as was the long white chiffon sash, is a recent Parisian importation, and a white gown can be most easily and effectively embroidered in a maidenhair fern design, in delicate greens.

Embroidery in black and white will be popular, with often a hint of gold through the pattern. Embroidery in Persian or Oriental colors is also very chic, and a dash of red is effective whenever it can be appropriately used with the body of the waist or with the other colors employed. Geometrical and Oriental designs, conventionalized flower designs as well as real flower designs are all used, and embroidered dots are as popular on Winter garments as they have been upon Summer frocks.

* * *

Opera cloaks and, in fact, evening wraps of all descriptions are garments that appeal most strongly to women who love beautiful materials, rich laces, furs, etc., etc., for in these same cloaks and capes there is an opportunity not to be found elsewhere to combine the most superb brocades with pricless laces and rare furs. There is positively no limit that can be placed as to cost, but the beauty of colorings, the luxurious and regal effect, does much to reconcile even the most economically-minded individual with the sum that has been expended. Dame Fashion holds out one loophole as regards this particular garment by not laying down any vigorous law as to what materials shall be used, and from year to year there is not the same changes of style as in any and every other detail of the feminine wardrobe. So long as the fabric is rich and effective it matters not whether it be some old heirloom of rare brocade that has been in the family for generations, or whether it is some exquisite product of modern times.

Both cloaks and long loose coats are included in the term opera cloaks, and this season the coat is considered the smarter of the two. It is a loose, apparently shapeless garment (in reality it is most carefully shaped), long enough to reach to the hem of the skirt, or at most but a short distance from the foot. This length is considered a more satisfactory one, as the cloak does not so soon become worn and defaced around the edge. The sleeves are large and full and there is a high, flaring collar that fastens close at the throat.

An especially handsome one is of ivory panne velvet, with a painted design of flowers and leaves, the flowers in three or four different shades of pink. The wide sleeves are finished with a band of sable and ruffle of lace, and have an inside facing of shirred chiffon. The high, flaring collar is held up with two bands of sable, while a lace fichu below the sable finishes in front into a narrow point. The collar is faced with a full ruching of white chiffon and the fronts are faced with the same shirring.

MODES OF THE SEASON IN PETTICOATS.

THE petticoats shown nowadays represent in varying degrees the taste and means of the woman who wears them. Among the new articles for trousseaux there are petticoats trimmed with pretty ruchings of satin, gathered very full and slashed to show the lace underneath. Among the most noticeable is one which is most exquisite in effect, giving almost the impression of the calyx of a flower, with the surrounding petals and leaves. The petticoats are generally made of silk of various colors, from the palest to the deepest tints, and are trimmed with flounces of lace, mousseline de soie and puffings and frillings of ribbon.

White skirts, which have not been worn for several years, have again come into favor among women of fashion, and these are marvels of dainty, snowy loveliness, in which every variety of lace and embroidery is combined to advantage. To give even the faintest idea of the finish and delicacy of this lovely variety of underwear one must describe rather than indulge in adjectives. (Concluded on page 6.)

ATTRACTIVE BALL GOWNS.

(Described on page 8.)

Winter Sports in Northern Countries.

UP to the present time it is almost entirely the Summer attractions of Norway and have brought our countrymen and women to its shores. The Winter amusements, however, are no less attractive, and have the advantage of being entirely original.

The majority of people have vague ideas concerning a northern Winter, which they believe to be of a severity which would make existence intolerable, and endanger their health.

The Winters in semi-Arctic regions are very different from ours. People who are sensitive to, and suffer from, the chill consequent on the winds and humid atmosphere of our own island are not sensible of cold in the clear, dry, and calm air of the North; and in the interior of Norway, where the temperature is low and atmospheric pressure high, the weather is wonderfully uniform and salubrious; as a matter of fact, the country holds the first place in Europe in respect to longevity and lowness of death rate.

The great Winter sport of skating it is not intended to write about here, as it can be seen and indulged in in our own country; but the two principal and local amusements shall be more fully described, and there is little do bt that as a result of reading this many will conceive a great longing to participate in these sports, with which one is very slightly, if at all, acquainted on our shores.

Firstly, there is "coasting," which, although resting on the same principle as tobogganing, is nevertheless quite different from it. The sled used is of another construction, being specially designed for running on ice, and being provided with runners. There is no reason why tobogganing should not be introduced in Norway, still, coasting affords greater amusement, and is in many respects preferable. The requirements for coasting consist of a sled, a guiding pole (if steered with a shaft), and a sloping track with a hard surface. When intending to have a run, one proceeds to the top of a hill or some part of a slope, sits down on the sled, places one's feet on the runners, and moves off without effort the moment they are off the ground, the pace increasing rapidly with the descent. The usual mode of steering is by means of a pole fifteen to twenty feet in length, which, held at one end in the hand, is gripped between the arm and body, the latter forming, as it were, a fulcrum, and extends for some way astern of the "coaster," a considerable portion trailing on the ground. The pole is moved like a tiller, and acts like the rudder of a ship.

In Norway coasting is not only indulged in as a pastime, but as a means of traveling from one place to another, for, on a hilly road, the ground can be covered more quickly when aided by a sled than by driving. "Swisn! walk a mile," was a Chinaman's laconic and accurate description of tobogganing, and it applies equally to coasting. Dragging the coaster up steep hills may be some slight exertion, but the exquisite delight of the "swish" banishes all thoughts of previous toil.

Snow-shoe running, or skiing, as it is called in Norway, is decidedly the queen of Winter pastimes. Originally adopted, and still carried on, as a necessary means of locomotion in districts where snows lie deep and highways lie buried or are unknown, it has, of comparatively late years, been reduced to a veritable pleasure and art by the people of Norway. Its origin cannot be traced. Just as the inventor of the wheel is unknown, so is the discoverer of ski lost in oblivion. Skiing, for practical purposes, has existed in all parts of the old world from time immemorial, and accompanied the migration of Eastern races westward from the shores of the China seas to the northernmost points of the Scandinavian peninsula. In form the ski vary, and have varied considerably, some being of very great length and narrowness, others short and broad, with many varieties between the extremes, each in its way being the most suitable for local conditions. The ski consists of a narrow plank of wood, rounded and curved upwards at the toe, furnished with straps or thongs in the center or somewhat behind the center, for fastenings to the foot.

The sport does not at first sight seem particularly adapted for the fair sex, but during the last two or three years it has taken great hold upon the ladies of the Norwegian capital. It is a very pretty sight to see one of the literally fair daughters of Norway, with cheeks glowing with health and excitement, arrayed in a suitable and nearly always becoming dress, often more or less accurately copied from one of their national costumes—setting forth on her snow shoes, and forming a dainty and striking contrast to the white snow and the dark pine forests alike. Considerable distances can be compassed at no small speed, and the leaps which an experienced snow-shoe runner can negotiate are simply marvelous. A fine nerve, coupled with pluck and practice, are, however, indispensable, and novices in this sport, perhaps more than in most others, have to pay their "footing." There are now regular ladies' snow-shoe clubs which arrange excursions, and even ladies' races or competitions have been introduced. Several snow-shoe clubs have their huts in the mountains, and young ladies and gentlemen of good social standing in Christiania frequently make these their destination for snow-shoe excursions.

When one pictures to one's self the peculiar magnificence of the semi-Arctic winter, the general aspect of a large extent of snow-decked land glittering in the sunlight, the beauties of the dark-green pines, their boughs laden with mantles of white, the silver birches frosted in every detail with rime, the whole landscape under a canopy of azure sky; then again, when night has fallen, the pale silvery sheen cast by a frosty moon, the streams of the Aurora Borealis flickering in the northern heavens, or flaring up to the very zenith, one is singularly touched by the contrasts of the day which have become mellowed and absorbed with harmonious unity, producing a veritable fairyland. Through such scenery one glides along on the snow shoes, and it is not to be wondered at that the sport is found most fascinating.

(Continued from page 4.)

To begin with, these skirts are made very long and are very much trimmed below the knees, following closely the development of styles in dress skirts.

One of the handsomest skirts is of pale lavender faille and is trimmed with two deep flounces of striped gauze, lavender and white, caught up at intervals with knots of deep violet velvet. This, though comparatively simple, is very charming. Rather more elaborate are two others of silvery Nile green and vivid rose color, the deep flounces on which are cut V shape and trimmed with entredeux and ruffles of spangled tissue.

Another exquisite combination is of sky blue mousseline de soie, knife plaited, and divided into panels by broad entredeux of Valenciennes lace. There is also a dainty creation of mandarin silk, with a deep flounce, trimmed with a trellis design of ecru Cluny lace insertion, put on over an under flounce of mousseline de soie, which shows the dainty points of the lace above and makes a very striking effect.

HANDSOME EVENING TOILETTES.

(Described on page 8.)

JUST A CHANGED OPINION.

By JEANNETTE PRESTER.

J. SCHUYLER MEREDITH was one of the best-known dramatic critics on the largest local newspaper, and at the same time its literary editor. This gave him an authoritative and influential position in literary, as well as theatrical circles, also socially, because the theater was the point in which all the intellectual interests centered. The theaters, on the other hand, counted the names of artists of talent and renown among the members of the companies, especially the principal theater where a stock company of undisputed merit produced the latest plays year after year, plays not of a farcical character, but showing deeper thought, as well as those dealing with modern society life. Owing to the fact that the same company was a permanent feature at this theater, the members were all more or less drawn into the upper social circles, and were to be met at all functions where intellect and wealth mingled. Of course, if either one of the older or of the newer members ever kicked over the traces the general censure was great and moral indignation swept over everything with turbulent billows. The press never took part in these little squabbles, as it avoided feeding scandal in any way, and the searchlight of publicity was never turned on the private life of any of the artists. Through a peculiar coincidence, or rather circumstance, the necessity one day arose that the intellectual and financial elements were compelled to sit in judgment over the morality of the leading lady of the leading theater, and our friend, J. Schuyler Meredith, was the one at whose request this court was held.

It was really very easy for him to regard himself as a model of virtue in those days! Young, fresh, elastic, his interest in and enjoyment of life were intensified by a nature, one part sarcasm, one part sentimentality, and two parts idealism. He had been married but a few years and was supremely happy, so much more so as his charming wife adored him and thought her curly-haired husband far superior to every one. He was not accustomed to be particularly prudish in his judgment of others, but he had his own ideal views of womanhood and it pained him considerably if these views were jarred in any way. Consequently his æsthetic sense was insulted when the leading lady, who had but recently been engaged, and whom he had praised as a high priestess of art after her debut as "Hero," had commenced a little *liaison* which was anything but priestly in its character, with an elderly admirer of dramatic art whom his best friends could not claim to be a Leander. The result of this was the action for divorce brought by the man's wife, in which she was successful, and of course general censure rested on the beautiful and charming Miss Gladys Overbaugh.

The reason Meredith was particularly incensed at this occurrence could be traced to the fact that Miss Overbaugh, a blonde who had brought the ability of concealing the ravages of time on her fair face down to a fine art, had repeatedly complained to him about her lonesome position after having been surrounded in New York and London with a large circle of admiring friends, and of course Meredith, who had a very soft spot in his heart for the fair sex, had endeavored his utmost to bring more enjoyment into her life by introducing her to all the notables of the town. The first opportunity to affect this that presented itself were several dramatic evenings at which the attractive "Hero" had promised to assist, and had even offered to recite a prologue that was to be written for her by Meredith.

Then followed the annual Charity Ball, at which all the stars of the opera and the stage, and all the stars of society mingled in one grand burst of beauty and elegance. This was the first genuine opportunity of introducing Miss Overbaugh to everybody of note, and Meredith really did his utmost to make it as agreeable for her as he could. He introduced her to his wife and to his more intimate circle of friends, and Miss Overbaugh was certainly one of the queens of the evening. She looked positively radiant in a toilette of pale blue crêpe de chine, and received the distinction of sitting at supper next to the honorary president of the ball, who was also a banker of note. She thus in a measure occupied the most prominent position, and everybody was charmed with her grace and sweetness. All agreed that the parts she enacted on the stage were but a reflection of her own sweet self, and, in short, she captured all hearts.

A few weeks later Mrs. Gillett Harms, one of the foremost leaders of Brockport society gave a large musicale at which the greatest operatic stars were to assist, and both Meredith and his wife were overjoyed at the idea of meeting their new friend again at a larger gathering, Meredith congratulating himself that he was the connecting link, so to speak, between the actress and society.

One day, before the musicale came off, some members of the Union Club, among whom was Gillett Harms, sat talking in the library of the club, when one of the men mentioned the *liaison* between "Hero" and the admirer of dramatic art, which burst like a bomb, and which Meredith at first indignantly denied. To say that all were most painfully impressed by their idol's downfall is to put it mildly, and Meredith's distress was simply boundless when the undisputable facts were placed before him that the "Hero" whom he had praised so highly had really selected a consoler for her hours of solitude, and a very homely one at that. Aside from the fact that the musicale was the next subject on society's *repertoire*, the Union Club had arranged a "Ladies Day," and immediately two factions arose. One demanded that the name of the woman who had so compromised herself should be taken from the list of those invited, and Meredith headed this faction, while the other side declared that she had been invited simply as any other lady would be, and that nobody had the right to criticise her private life merely on account of rumors that were flying around. The debate finally grew so heated that it was decided to determine the very delicate question of crossing her name off or not, at a private meeting of the directors and advisory committee to be held the very next Saturday.

On the Saturday in question, just as Meredith was leaving his house to go to his office, he met a messenger boy with a telegram for him. This was rather a surprise, which was increased when his eye ran over the contents, and the surprise was mingled with just a little embarrassment as he folded the telegram and put it in his pocket.

"Meet me to-night, eight o'clock, at the Shoreham. LUXIE."

Luxie! that could be no one else but Lucie Winters, wild, gay Lucie who had long ago, in his college days, taught him what kissing was—how many years ago was that? at least ten—who had loved him so sincerely and tenderly, and yet had been unwilling to promise to wait for him, an impecunious youth, who had his way to make in the world.

What could she want of him now? Their intercourse had ceased long ago, had ceased since Lucie's marriage with George Leggett, an old but wealthy manufacturer over whose pedantic tendencies they had had many a laugh. That she had married just this particular man had been a very bitter blow to him, an experience which it had

DAINTY INDOOR GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

taken longer for him to overcome than he cared to admit even to himself. He had let her see this, too, very plainly, when, a few years ago, just as he had been called to his present post, and when he was still unmarried, he met her accidentally, also at the Shoreham, where she was stopping temporarily. That this had been merely a *ruse* to see him again was very evident. She had endeavored quite adroitly to bring up the subject of old times, but he was already sincerely attached to his present wife and remained cool. That she had noticed this also was shown by her frosty congratulations on his engagement, which was announced shortly after.

And now she had returned again! Why did she avoid coming to his home, but made an appointment at the hotel? She knew he was married, very happily married.

She had intimated to him rather plainly that she had not found the supreme happiness she had dreamed of in married life, and hinted that had she married him it would all have been very different. Was she going to make another attempt to recapture what she had irretrievably lost? He vividly remembered how proud he had been of his virtuous resistance because Luxie was certainly a very beautiful woman, with large, soulful eyes that sought his own with a questioning and passionate look.

But this evening he could impossibly devote to her. At half-past eight, at the latest, the secret session at the Union Club would commence, and as it was at his request that this meeting was called it would never do for him to be absent, and before the meeting his wife expected him home to supper. She had told him that very seriously at breakfast, because he had been out rather frequently lately and his pretty little wife felt somewhat neglected.

On the other hand, it would never do to let Luxie stay alone at the hotel which she had surely chosen in remembrance of her former visit. He must at least devote a few minutes, perhaps half an hour, to her, listen to her wishes and put himself at her disposal for the next day. He still had to invent some excuse that would explain his absence from home for supper, as he did not wish his wife to know anything about the telegram. Accordingly, just before six o'clock he sent word that the importance of the meeting would prevent his coming home, knowing well that this excuse would be accepted because his wife had again and again impressed upon him the necessity of taking Miss Overbaugh's name from the list of invited guests, as neither she nor her friends would be present at the same functions with her.

Punctually at eight o'clock, Meredith entered the hotel with a lovely bunch of Jack and La France roses, that he had taken the precaution of bringing himself. This little mark of attention was to sweeten the disappointment he knew she would experience at his leaving so soon after having come, and that he had chosen just those roses that he knew to be her favorites was merely a coincidence.

He sent in his card and was surprised to find Lucie in one of the private dining rooms. She was clad in a simple tailor made of dark cloth, and a becoming hat rested on her glossy hair. Beside her sat a little girl who was eating some cake and drinking a glass of milk.

"I have taken you by surprise?" she asked, when, after a rather embarrassed handshake, she raised her eyes and regarded him with a firm but searching look.

"And unfortunately this pleasant surprise comes at a time at which I am not free," he answered, as he gave her the roses.

"It is as I feared," she said, resignedly. "And yet I did not want to pass through here without giving the friend of my girlhood a sign that I still remembered him or pass by the opportunity of seeing him again. What beautiful roses," she added, in lower tones. "I see you still know my favorites. But you will at least have a cup of tea with me, will you not?" She seated herself again, next to the child, and Meredith took the chair opposite her.

"This is Lillie," she said, with a nod toward the little one, "my tired, sleepy little companion."

Meredith, who was very fond of children, talked to the little girl and told her in tones that were full of loving pride and that strangely thrilled Lucie, of his own little daughter who was, however, much younger than Lillie. In fact, he took the latter to be Lucie's daughter, and as she realized this a shadow passed over her face.

"I have no children," she said, gravely. "This is my husband's niece. She has been visiting us and I am now taking her home. With her as my companion I thought I could dare to cross your path once more. She is in a measure my chaperone," she added, with a little bitter smile and a look in her dark eyes that sent the blood coursing wildly in Meredith's veins. She rose to give the child, who had fallen asleep, a more comfortable position, and when she again turned her face to him it wore its usual calm expression, mingled perhaps with a little regret. "And you really are not free this evening? What prevents you? Your wife?"

"You must make her acquaintance to-morrow," he said, evasively. "She will certainly be very glad——"

"You think so?" she interrupted; "I can hardly believe that. But tell me what prevents you from spending the evening with me?"

Then Meredith related to her the duty he had to perform that evening, of the scandal that had arisen, of all the rumors that were flying around, and spoke of the distasteful position, in which he was placed owing to having been the one who had vouched for the lady in question. In the eagerness and warmth that his subject inspired him with he did not notice how painfully she was impressed with his moral indignation.

"Why, of course, then you must go now," she said calmly when Meredith had ended his tale and looked at the time. She also took out her watch and, looking at it, added: "It is almost a quarter of nine.

"Yes, unfortunately! But to-morrow?"

"Early to-morrow morning I shall continue my journey," she declared with calm decision. "I have convinced myself that you are happy in your wedded life. That is why I came! I wished to know positively whether you were happy or perhaps as—miserable—as I!"

A deep compassion came over him. "Luxie!"

Two big tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

Deeply agitated and slightly embarrassed she turned her head away and her eyes fell on the sleeping child.

"I must take the little one upstairs and put her to bed," she said in smothered tones, and rose from her seat. Endeavoring to regain her composure she picked up the bunch of flowers, and, taking from it a half-blown Jack rose, she added: "But when you judge those people for whom the roses of happiness do not bloom on the straight path of virtue—then, my friend, think of me and have pity on them."

"Luxie," in his excitement he seemed unable to find any other word.

She turned round to take up the child, but Meredith was quicker than she. As he walked toward the door and out into the hall he looked in vain for a waiter, then, resolutely, continued on his way until they reached the elevator. When they arrived in front of the door of her room she opened it, saying:

"Just a moment, please, it is dark in here."

She struck a match and he entered immediately behind her, but in some strange way, perhaps from a sudden draught, the door slammed shut and the match went out. There still remained sufficient light from the hall through the transom for them to distinguish the outlines of each others figures. Going up to him she took the child and tenderly placed her on the couch, at the same time asking Meredith to light the gas, telling him where he would find the matches.

But he made no attempt to find them. He stood as if rooted to the spot, his whole being in a turmoil at the touch of her hand. An unconquerable desire came over him to take the unhappy woman into his arms and comfort her in her sorrow. And she suddenly, with a deep sob, hid her head on his shoulder. He gently lifted her face and their lips met in a clinging, passionate kiss.

Then she, trembling, pushed him away from her.

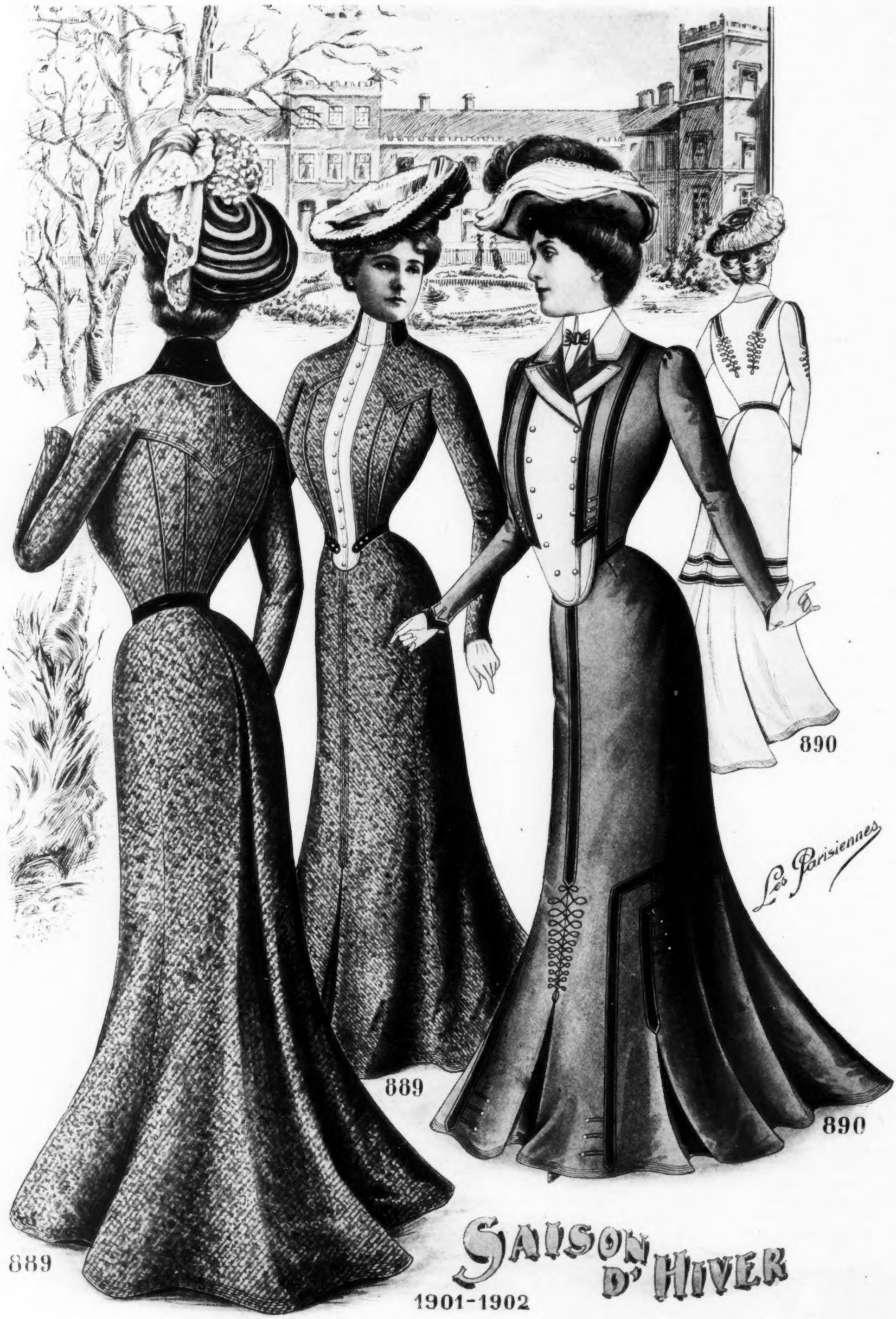
"That kiss I have been yearning for, oh, so long, so very long! But now go—you will go, will you not?" she said softly and gently.

But Meredith again embraced her and pressed his lips to hers repeatedly with increasing passion.

She was the first to regain her self-control. She tore herself away and lit the gas. Her breath came short and quick and her eyes fell on the rose-leaves that lay on the carpet; in their ardent embrace the rose she had given him had been crushed.

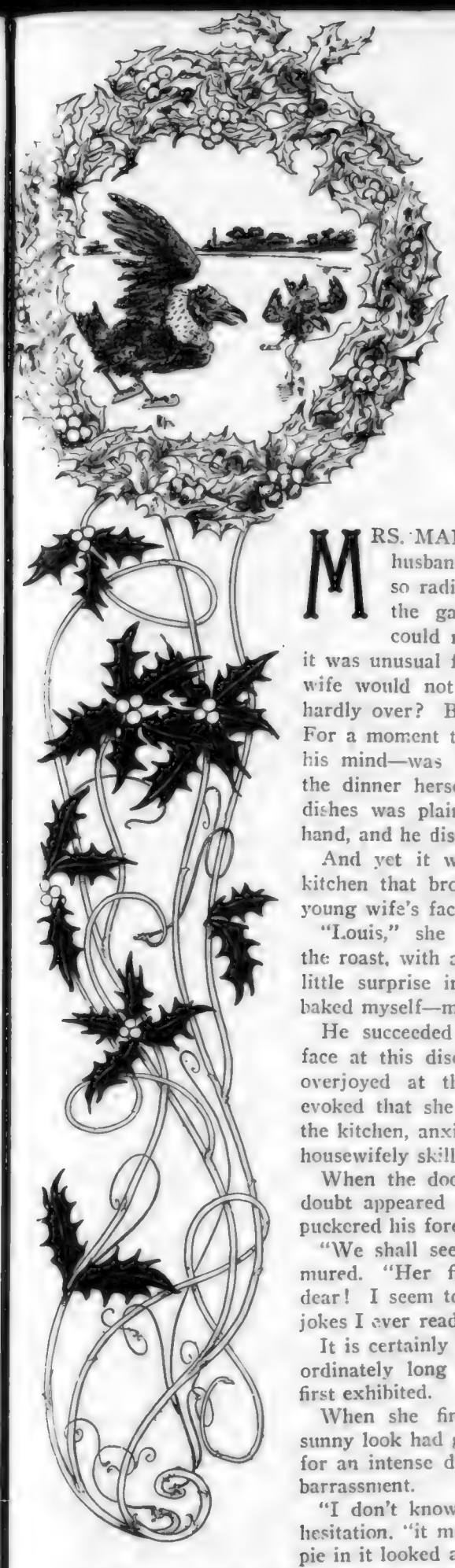
"See, your rose is quite spoiled," she said regretfully, as, with an unsteady hand she took another from the bunch that she had placed on the table. "Take this as a substitute." She

(*Concluded on page 25.*)



THE LATEST TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 38.)



HER FIRST PIE
AND
WHAT BECAME OF IT.

By Anna Worthington.

MRS. MARTHA FERRIS sat opposite her husband at the dinner table, her face so radiant and joyful that her husband, the gay and debonair young lawyer, could not help but notice it. Not that it was unusual for her to be joyful; what young wife would not be happy with her honeymoon hardly over? But to-day she was unusually so. For a moment the swift thought passed through his mind—was it possible that she had cooked the dinner herself? But no, the quality of the dishes was plain evidence of the cook's master hand, and he dismissed the thought at once.

And yet it was a secret connected with the kitchen that brought the happy light into the young wife's face and eyes.

"Louis," she said, when they were through the roast, with an attempt at dignity, "there is a little surprise in store—an apricot pie—that I baked myself—my first experiment at cooking."

He succeeded in making a pleased and glad face at this disclosure and she in turn was so overjoyed at the pleasure the announcement evoked that she arose at once and hurried into the kitchen, anxious to produce this proof of her housewifely skill as soon as possible.

When the door closed behind her a shade of doubt appeared on his face and a slight frown puckered his forehead.

"We shall see what we shall see," he murmured. "Her first experiment—and a pie—oh, dear! I seem to remember in a moment all the jokes I ever read about pies."

It is certainly true that she remained away inordinately long for the impatience she had at first exhibited.

When she finally made her appearance the sunny look had gone from her face to make way for an intense disappointment, mingled with embarrassment.

"I don't know, Louis," she began, with some hesitation, "it must be the oven—when I put the pie in it looked all right——"

"Oh," he said, with exaggerated pity, guessing the worst, as he took the silver salver and placed it on the table.

"Well, it certainly looks more like a wooden plate decorated with pyrography than a pie," he added, thoughtfully.

"Louis," cried his wife, "surely it is not so bad as that. See, see here—here is almost a quarter of an apricot that is quite sound—it is not burned at all."

"Really?" he said, with surprise; "it must have had an extraordinarily cool temperament!"

Her eyes sought the carpet and she heaved a big sigh.

"I don't suppose you want to try even the least piece," she said in low, trembling tones as she nervously fingered the tablecloth.

"Now is the crucial moment to show you are a man," he thought.

"Try a little piece!" he cried. "I am going to eat it all up!"

A look of the warmest, adoring love was ample thanks for this heroic resolve. He endeavored to cut the unfortunate pie, but it resisted his efforts like a piece of leather. He was just on the point of uttering a rather cruel joke about getting a saw when the bell rang.

"Who is that?" queried Martha, with a look at the pie, as she listened breathlessly. "For Heaven's sake, it is Lillie and Agnes, my chums—they want to surprise us at dinner, and they will run down my cooking among all our friends if they see this attempt!"

At this moment a thought of saving love entered the attorney's mind.

"Leave me alone here and come back in a few moments, just as if nothing had happened. I'll fix everything," he whispered. His little wife disappeared into the next room and he looked around quickly for some place to hide the pie. At first he thought of putting it under the sideboard—but no, the desk was safer.

The two girls, as they entered, saw him quickly turn away from the desk he used for some private business, and with a look they told each other everything that feminine fancy—the fancy of two unmarried girls—could invent under the circumstances. Oh, these men! He was deceiving his wife! For the sake of another woman! They had caught him turning away from the place that hid his secret.

"A secret we will surely find out," their eyes said to each other as they greeted him very warmly.

"Where is Martha?" they asked. "We have tickets for the matinee on Saturday, and we want her to come."

"Certainly," said Ferris, trying to get near the desk. "She will be here in a moment; she has just gone out to get a book."

"He sent her out," telegraphed the eyes.

"Oh, that reminds me," said Lillie, as if she had suddenly thought of something. "May I sit down at your desk and make a memorandum in my note-book? It is something very important that I must attend to this afternoon."

Agnes secretly admired her friend's genius, while Ferris was puzzling about the motive. They had certainly guessed something, but how much? If Lillie sat down at the desk she would in a moment perceive the odor of the burned apricots and then Martha's culinary failure would be apparent. Consequently, he must prevent her from getting near the desk in order to save the reputation of Martha's first attempt at cooking. All this passed through Ferris' mind quick as a flash.

"Permit me to do it for you," he said, with his most engaging smile.

"Oh, of course, your famous pen must not be used by such ignorant girls as we are," said Lillie, sarcastically.

"I suppose it is dedicated to the service of Love," remarked Agnes, coming to her friend's assistance.

"I don't care about knowing what secret the desk contains," said Lillie. "I am only sorry for Martha!"

"But I don't know what you are talking about," returned Ferris, with well-feigned astonishment.

Just at that moment his wife entered, and with a nervous glance took in the situation, endeavoring at the same time to greet her friends cordially.

"Just think, Martha," laughed Lillie, "we have caught your husband in the act——"

"Caught him in the act?" repeated Martha in startled tones.

"Yes," cried Agnes, "secret correspondence—pink letters—appointment—can't you guess?"

Louis tried to catch his wife's eye, but she was looking dumfounded, first at Lillie and then at Agnes.

"My husband?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes," they both nodded. "Don't go too near him; he is defending that desk like a lion."

Martha was too excited to think calmly.

"Louis," she cried, all idea of the pie driven from her mind by the hints of her friends, "what are you concealing in that desk! Give it to me!"

She looked at him and in an instant the truth flashed across her mind. She grew red and pale in turn.

SOIRÉE GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

"Oh," she stammered, with a faint attempt at a smile, "I know what it is! A surprise for me! I don't care to see it now because I don't want to spoil my husband's pleasure."

"Pleasure—at a spoiled pie! What white lies one does resort to!" he thought, grimly.

The two friends were distinctly indignant. That was a nice household! In a few weeks the husband had so far subdued the wife, had gained such control over her that she was even ready to gloss over, to conceal his faults. The situation was really rich! Catch them marrying!

"Oh, my dear," said Lillie, in a tone of the greatest compassion, "don't try any more—we understand—a surprise for you—of course, that we do not want to spoil."

"We hope the surprise will give you a great deal of pleasure," added Agnes, piqued.

They went away shortly after, considering that a confession could not be forced, and then they knew enough anyway of the secret to be able to tell it to a few friends under the seal of the greatest privacy; they could all pity poor Martha in her great misery.

"Oh, Louis," cried Martha, when the two girls were gone, "how was it possible for me to doubt you so easily! Forgive me, will you? I can imagine how they are going to tear us to pieces."

Ferris shrugged his shoulders and returned tenderly:

"What do we care as long as we know that we are happy."

The bell rang again and this time they recognized a male voice.

"Why, it's Uncle Edward."

Uncle Edward had a particular weakness for Ferris and his wife, and was firmly determined that they should some day inherit his immense fortune. He was a charming man, highly educated, amiable and suave. Only he had one fault—he thought himself a great poet, and in this he was as vain as it is possible for a *dilettant* to be. For every slight he had a word of pardon, but an attack on his muse he would have returned with life-long enmity.

The young couple received Uncle Edward with more than usual cordiality, which he truly deserved, and, considering his poetical inclinations, he was rather flattered at his warm reception. They urged him to stay, but he declared that it was impossible, altogether impossible.

"I only ran in to get my prologue that I gave you to read the other day," he said to Ferris. "The prologue that our charming Miss Neilson is to recite at the opening of the new children's hospital. How did you like it?"

"Oh," replied Ferris, "it is simply grand—words are not adequate to praise it! I read it to Martha three times; we are almost able to recite it ourselves, aren't we, Martha? It is just beautiful!"

"Certainly," asserted Martha, with fervor.

A flattered smile spread over Uncle Edward's face.

"I will send you a copy of it later," he said, with condescension.

Louis quickly went to the desk, opened the drawer, looked in and almost sank to the ground.

Martha regarded first him and then Uncle Edward with large, astonished eyes, and was shocked at the sudden change that came over Uncle Edward's face. He had walked up to Ferris and, standing beside him, cast an inquisitive look at the contents. All at once his figure straightened. His face grew red with anger and his eyes were blazing.

"What," he cried, with trembling voice, "what! This is all my muse is worth to you! As wrapping-paper for cake—is that what you use my prologue for! Ha! I shall never forgive you!"

With a dramatic gesture he drew the much discussed prologue, all greasy and dirty, from beneath the apricot pie, shook it threateningly at them, and bounced from the room before either Ferris or his wife had time to utter a word.

"That miserable thing has made enough trouble," cried Louis furiously, as he grabbed the pie and left the room.

In a few moments he returned, once more serene and composed, and almost smiling.

"Forgive me for flying into such a rage," he said. "I really could not destroy your first attempt, so I gave it to a poor devil who was just begging at the basement door. He is eating it up."

"He is eating it," she cried joyfully.

Then after a pause she added fearfully: "Are you not afraid it might hurt him?"

"Well, there is no telling," he answered, "considering all the damage it has already done. If that man is mean he might sue us later or send us the doctor's bill. Suppose we take it away from him and give him something else."

They both ran quickly downstairs, opened the basement door and were delighted to find the beggar still there. He was neat in his appearance, although his clothes were seedy and threadbare.

"You had better give back that pie," said Ferris, "and we will give you something else in place of it."

"Oh," said the man, rather frightened, "I cannot, I have eaten it."

"All of it?" both asked, Ferris with horror, his wife with secret satisfaction.

"Yes, it was fine, just as I like it," returned the man.

Martha's eyes softened. She knew she had been maligned about that pie!

"What do you work at for a living?" she inquired compassionately.

"I," said the man a little proudly. "Just now I have nothing to do, but I am an artist."

"An artist!" cried Martha. No wonder! only an artist could appreciate such a work of art as her pie!

Ferris looked at the man with some distrust.

"An artist?" he queried. "Pray tell me in what line?"

The man smiled in a self-satisfied way.

"I am a china and glass eater at a museum!"

And for the first time in her life Martha fainted.

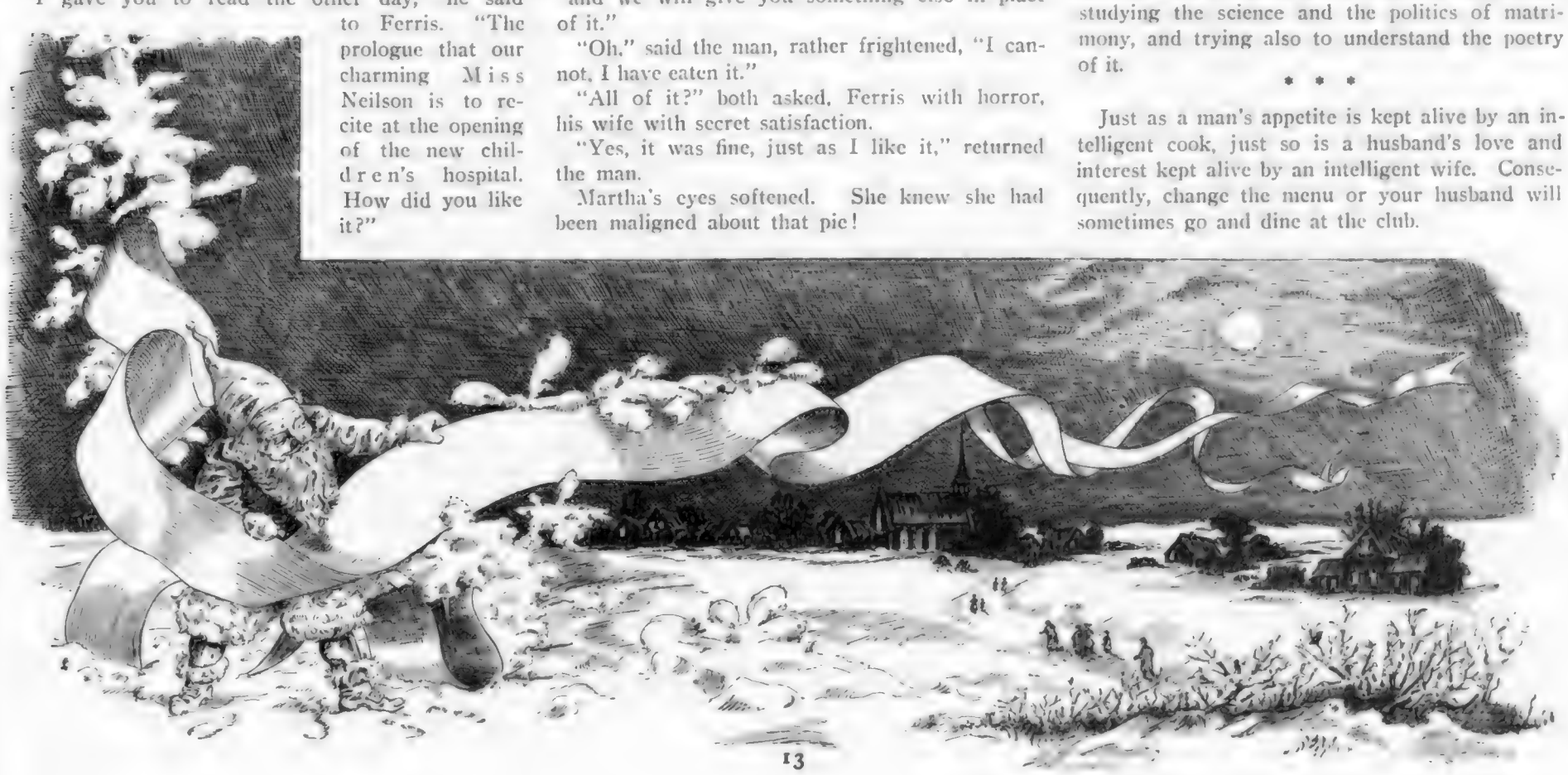
* * *

APHORISMS.

When a girl leaves the home of her parents to follow the man she has elected to marry, she is supplied, by well-meaning relatives and friends, with a light baggage of maxims and pieces of advice; and with these she is expected to find marriage a success, and help to make it so. It would less often be a failure if both men and women were to spend a few years of their youth studying the science and the politics of matrimony, and trying also to understand the poetry of it.

* * *

Just as a man's appetite is kept alive by an intelligent cook, just so is a husband's love and interest kept alive by an intelligent wife. Consequently, change the menu or your husband will sometimes go and dine at the club.



SMART VISITING GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

A FEW ATTRACTIVE COSY CORNERS.

INTERIOR decoration is a subject that is of supreme interest, as far as the making of a comfortable home is concerned. Almost every house shows examples of different kinds, and in the majority we will find cosy corners of some sort. The home is necessarily the central point of family life, and the greater or less amount of comfort we put into it renders it in the same measure attractive or unattractive to the members. A great many difficulties have arisen from the simple fact that the housewife lacks taste and artistic sense in the arrangement of her home, whereas the rest of the family may have the quick eye that perceives the incongruity of some color combinations at a glance.

It is certainly true that Oriental corners add much to the attractiveness of a room, whether it be library, boudoir or the smoking-room of the master of the house.

We are privileged to have the most glowing colors, and the most vivid combinations in the making up of these cosy corners, which often rep-

resent the only color scheme in the room, especially in these days of uniformly tinted wall papers.

The illustrations on this page are taken from original designs made up by a well-known Broadway house, whose importations of Oriental goods are famous all over the country. Rugs of exquisite texture, rich and glowing with color and warmth, are employed in all the arrangements, and the draping is done with spears thrust through rosettes formed by the draping. A cosy corner without a quantity of pillows simply does not exist, and here personal taste and artistic sense have a wide scope to exercise talent and color effect. Jeweled lamps are frequently used to enhance the beauty, and are particularly effective where the room does not receive much outside light.

The charm of personality may be as much a part of the home as it is of the individual. Our memory shows us as vivid pictures of the commonplace home as it does commonplace people. A great many homes, as well as a great many people, just miss the quality of charm. In the case of the inanimate body, we can trace the origin to some family taste, dignified and expressed through the details or the schemes of furnishing. Certainly, no quality in a house is more sought after, more enjoyed by its occupants or their visitors, than the ability to make a true home, where peace and rest reign supreme, and where the artistic sense is fully satisfied by the decorations and the furnishing.

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the sense of the beautiful, as far as home-like interiors are concerned, is being more and more developed. This is not less apparent in the homes of the great middle class than in those of the wealthy, where extravagance of every kind is rampant.

The one great dominant characteristic that can be observed everywhere is a desire for novelty, but also an effort to have unique effects in ornamentation fully harmonize with every possible comfort.

Our tastes are growing more and more luxurious, and every effort is expended to satisfy them. Now, a great many people think that anything a little out of the ordinary requires, if not unlimited, at least quite substantial means, whereas with taste even a moderate income can accomplish wonders. The main object is to avoid cheap and tawdry materials as that means so much money wasted, because they soon lose their freshness, and become flimsy and worthless.

Any ordinary carpenter can make a seat of wood, of the required size, measuring the space the seat is to occupy, and in sitting-rooms or boudoirs these contrivances can be made to do double duty, as utility box and as seat. It will be

found very convenient as a receptacle for various articles.

* * *

ART IN THE HOME.

A very vague idea prevails with many people as to what is really meant by Chippendale furniture, the fashion for which has so lately been revived, and it is by no means an unusual thing to hear any handsome mahogany piece of furniture of the last century designed Chippendale, although it may bear not the slightest resemblance to any of the designs of the great cabinet-maker. Imitators and disciples he undoubtedly had, and the same class of furniture was made by them, but even these need hardly be compared with his special designs. Delicate mahogany wood-work without inlay of any description, and relying upon carving alone for ornament is a leading characteristic of the Chippendale productions, and he had two very distinct styles, his later one being influenced by the Chinese craze introduced into England by Sir William Chambers.

PRETTY THEATER WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

STAGE HAPPENINGS.

KLAW and Erlanger's production at the Broadway Theatre, of the latest Drury Lane Theatre success, "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast," which really represents the greatest spectacular achievement of the English stage, is attracting throngs every night. It is, in reality, a gigantic spectacular, musical extravaganza, presented with the most lavish display of magnificent scenery imaginable, beautiful costumes, elaborate mechanical effects and a small army of people in which the feminine contingent is the more conspicuous for numbers and the personal attractiveness of the principals and auxiliaries. Ella Snyder plays the very important part of Beauty, and Viola Gillette enacts the rôle of Prince Charming.

* * *

THE large illustration on this page shows a scene from Robert Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command," with John Drew as Major Bingham, and Mr. Drew's leading lady, Miss Ida Conquest.

* * *

"NEW ENGLAND FOLKS," in which Grayce Scott appears as Faith, is drawing large audiences at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. It is a play of rural charm and country life.

* * *

ONE of the most important productions last month was that of "Johannisfeuer," at the Irving Place Theatre. Certainly, Mr. Conried deserves the thanks of the public for making it acquainted with the works of the foremost German playwrights. A large and fashionable audience witnessed the first performance.

* * *

IN the case of "The Way of the World," at the Victoria, the usual process of dramatizing a novel is being reversed. A narrative to be published is being made of Clyde Fitch's drama. It may be an interesting story, but the attractive personalities of Elsie de Wolfe and Clara Bloodgood will surely be missed. The second act discloses a musicale in a luxurious Fifth avenue home, and the scene is a perfect picture of such a social function. Every glint of social polish is reproduced.

* * *

EARLY in December, "If I Were King" will give the Garden stage to "Alice, of Old Vincennes," thus, in a measure, exchanging E. H. Sothern for his wife.

* * *

NO change has been made in "The Liberty Belles" since the introduction of "Starlight," a ditty, sung by John Slavin, and danced by a dozen of the now famously pretty girls. The popularity of this musical farce is simply unbounded, and its run at the Madison Square is for an indefinite time.

ANNA HELD remains indefinitely at the Casino in "The Little Duchess." Her new song, "Pretty Mollie Shannon," has become quite popular, and the novelty of her appearance as a Paris *gamin* has helped it. She still wears the beautiful gowns in the first and second acts.

* * *

AFTER "A Royal Family" leaves the stage of the Lyceum we shall have an opportunity to see Miss Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge" at the same theater, the play being written for her by Clyde Fitch.

* * *

THE production of David Belasco's new historical drama, "Du Barry," will not take place until after Christmas at the Criterion Theatre, with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the principal rôle. The intervening time will be taken up by Charles Dalton, who, on December 2, appears in the dramatic version of "The Helmet of Navarre."

* * *

MAUDE ADAMS, in "Quality Street," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has scored an unbounded success, as is only natural where this popular young artist is concerned. We may, later on, see her in "As You Like It" or "L'Aiglon."

* * *

ONLY the arrival of Amelia Bingham and her company will drive David Warfield from the Bijou. He and his well-selected company will remain there in "The Auctioneer" until Jan. 6.

CHIC FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

WOMAN IN THE SINGULAR.

A DIALOGUE—By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett.

SHE drew her gloves off slowly, and cast an indifferent glance around the table. Most of the guests were strangers to her. Some few acquaintances she saw, probably in town on the same errand as herself—theaters and much shopping. She reflected that the dinner was, apparently, to be a boring one; that the man with whom she must make some effort to converse was absolutely unknown to her; and that strangers were rarely worth the semblance of a passing interest. * * * He was looking at her now—not that *that* was anything unusual. * * * She had been a fool to come!

She awoke to the fact that hers was the only soup as yet untasted, and that the insistent gaze of her neighbor's eyes had drawn her own to meet them.

He gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"Shall we talk?" he asked her blandly, "or do you think that conversation rightly makes its entry with the fish?"

Her eyebrows were faintly interrogative, but her tone conveyed no interest.

"Why with the fish?" she asked.

"Fish," he began, in patient explanation, "should be pre-eminently an aid to wit in conversation. Less indigestible than heavier foods, it suits all temperaments, and can be safely enjoyed without fear of satiety. It has been justly termed *une diette échauffante* and the leading position it always occupies upon the menu-card has been ceded to it in grateful recognition of its services in brightening the brains of those at table."

She relinquished the pretence of playing with her soup.

"Author?" she murmured briefly.

"Brillat-Savarin." His tone was conclusive.

"Oh—Savarin? A horrid personality: three parts greed and one part cook; and *all* conceit!"

She flicked Savarin contemptuously into space, together with a bread-crumb from her dress.

He cleared his throat. This woman required enlightenment.

"Brillat-Savarin was a man——" he began.

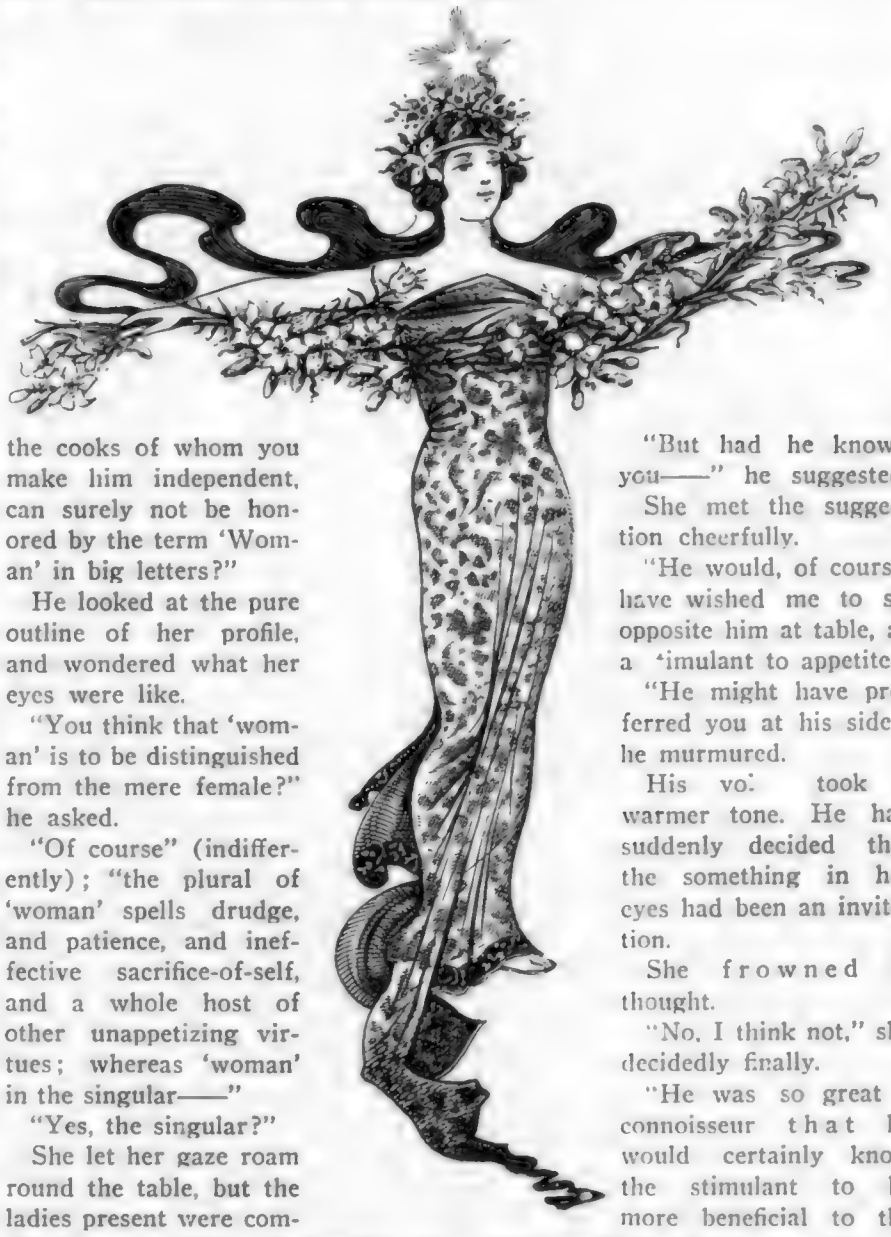
"Well, that is certainly a more concise expression of my estimate of him," she allowed.

"——was a man," he repeated firmly, "for whom I have a profound respect. He was unique, for he was absolutely independent of woman."

"Of woman?"

"Why certainly, since he could invent the repast to soothe his fastidious palate, and cook and eat it without extraneous aid."

"A—h!" she reflected, "you should have used the plural in speaking of the feminine in connection with your hero. Mere female creatures, such as



the cooks of whom you make him independent, can surely not be honored by the term 'Woman' in big letters?"

He looked at the pure outline of her profile, and wondered what her eyes were like.

"You think that 'woman' is to be distinguished from the mere female?" he asked.

"Of course" (indifferently); "the plural of 'woman' spells drudge, and patience, and ineffective sacrifice-of-self, and a whole host of other unappetizing virtues; whereas 'woman' in the singular——"

"Yes, the singular?"

She let her gaze roam round the table, but the ladies present were commonplace, or plain, or dowdily impossible. She recognized their uselessness as illustrations of her theory, and fell back upon the inevitable with a sigh.

"Woman in the singular to-night," she said, "is *me*," and flashed a grave glance suddenly at him.

Her eyes were green, and something lurked, unfathomable, in their depths. Was it malice? Was it invitation?

"Oh, ah!" he ejacuated; then drew himself together hurriedly.

"Am I to understand that you are singular, in that you possess no virtues?" he asked with interest.

"It was the unappetizing virtues only that I relegated to the plural," she reminded him; and added: "Of those so great a *gourmet* as your hero would, of course, be independent."

"But had he known you——" he suggested.

She met the suggestion cheerfully.

"He would, of course, have wished me to sit opposite him at table, as a stimulant to appetite."

"He might have preferred you at his side," he murmured.

His voice took a warmer tone. He had suddenly decided that the something in her eyes had been an invitation.

She frowned in thought.

"No, I think not," she decidedly finally.

"He was so great a connoisseur that he would certainly know the stimulant to be more beneficial to the appetite when placed *en face*."

"He would be wrong. To have one's stimulant at one's side——"

"Has a curious effect upon the appetite," she interrupted; "it leads one to take sugar with the roast."

He withdrew his hand hastily from the silver bowl in front of him; but then bethought himself, and helped himself to sugar liberally.

"In these days when woman is not content to own herself a female, but clamors for 'big letters' and the 'singular,' poor wretched man must snatch at sweetness when and how he can!" he explained.

"You hanker for the old days of simpering misses with high waists and empty pates?"

"Is sweetness necessarily the outcome of an empty pate?"

"Is woman's intellectuality inevitably sour?"

He looked at her deliberately.

"Since you invite the personality," he said, "I suppose I am free to own that intellect may lend a crowning charm to one who already holds all other gifts. But, as a general rule, the old woman was preferable to the new."

She did not trouble to appropriate the compliment.

"There is no such thing as new or old in woman," she declared. "She is unalterable. Her methods only change. She was all meek sweetness until she found that sweetness palls and that man showed signs of seizing all supremacy; then she became forthwith a bitter tonic, to sting him back to healthy servitude."

"And when she shed her 'unappetizing virtues,' together with her plural, did she come weaponless to the fight?"

"She armed herself with pride, and individuality, and charm; and for shield she chose indifference-to-man."

He yielded his plate forlornly to a watchful footman.

"You take away my appetite," he sighed.

"Then you agree at last with Brillat-Savarin that the stimulant to appetite should sit *en face*, and not disturb your meal with muttered heresy?"

The something in her eyes was malice, surely?

"Brillat-Savarin!" he repeated. "Are we at our starting-point again?"

"Is that to be wondered at, seeing the world is round?"

"When I was young," he reflected (he was nearing forty)—"when I was young, I learnt that the world is not, strictly speaking, round; but that it is flattened orange-wise at top and base."

She could be meditative, too.

"When *I* was young" (she was twenty-nine) "I always thought that only certain male-folk with a vulgar

DAINTY TEA-GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

craving for notoriety concern themselves with the earth's top and base."

"And the moral——"

"The moral is surely that for such ordinary folk as you and I the world is round; we meet the same people, and say the same things, and come round, in the long run, to the same places."

A hint of weariness crept into her voice. He looked at her a little curiously. He was thinking that the term "ordinary" was scarcely descriptive of her.

"I don't remember to have met you before," he observed at length.

"Then you probably have not done so," she assured him gravely.

He woke to knowledge of his *gaucherie*, and to appreciation of the dimple near her mouth.

"You are thinking that I omitted crass-conceit from my list of modern woman's arms?" she queried.

The mysterious something was dancing slyly in her eyes. His own fired suddenly.

"I think you omitted many items from your list," he began.

She interrupted.

"The list grows shorter every year, so far as I'm concerned, for I shall soon be entirely negative; and negations have no attributes, you know. * * * I live in the country," she added.

He failed to grasp the sequence of this afterthought.

"The country?" he repeated doubtfully. "That is the place for meets, and shoots, and house-parties, and laziness?"

Her correction came swiftly:

"You view the country from the standpoint of the casual visitor. Were you a dweller there you would know that Nature demands negation and not laziness. She wins your admiration first and then your love, and then exacts the absorption of your personality in hers. She robs you of all individuality. She leaves you just a colorless abstraction with a pair of hungry eyes."

His eyes were openly incredulous. Was she making fun of him in some obscure way? She certainly did not convey the impression of a colorless abstraction, nor that of a humble country-mouse. Her face and voice and pretty dinner-dress breathed personality and Paris. Her individuality might lend itself admiringly to Nature's moods; but for the moment he could not picture it other than an assertive quantity, out there among the fields and woods even as here among the many faces of this dinner-party.

"It must be difficult to merge one's self in Nature utterly," he remarked.

"It rises almost to the dignity of a cult," she allowed; and added gravely: "I knew a man who came to live, one autumn, in the beech-woods near us, and the wonder of the old beeches overpowered him utterly: the outside world slipped from him, and from a very ordinary journalist he grew to be a man of thought, who had lost all wish to clothe his thought with words—the woods' beauty satisfied him so."

"He lived in a beech-wood, and lived upon beech-nuts?" he suggested.

She shook her head regretfully.

"Beech-mast is only seasonable in October and November, and Providence ordains that man must eat throughout the whole twelve months," she explained. "However, he did his best to lose himself in Nature. He ordered clothes to match the color of the beech-trunks when the sun floods down upon them from above, turning their cool gray to a glorious mauve with shadows of warm purple. The autumn was as warm and bright as any spring that year; but when the clothes arrived the weather changed—the sun was gone, and every beech-trunk was a ghostly gray, so overcast and gloomy was the sky. He found himself a blot of jarring warmth upon a dismal landscape. He was forced to take refuge among the great autumn daisy-bushes in our kitchen-garden; theirs was the only mauve to keep his clothes in countenance."

"And he began with shame to take the lowest place," he commented callously. "Well, he had precedent to comfort him."

"You don't seem impressed with the point of my anecdote," she remarked with some severity.

"I am remembering that the kitchen-garden which sheltered him so mauvily was yours," he made meek answer, and wondered if the dimple had its counterpart the other side her mouth. "But had your anecdote a point?" he asked her suddenly.

Her eyes flashed swiftly into laughter, and held his riveted by the malice of their merriment.

"The point——" she began, and paused; for their hostess bowed from the table's end to the lady on the host's right hand, and a general move ensued.

"But the point——" he asked her hastily.

She smiled and shook her head, and passed him by. He followed her a step.

"I shall ask you for it presently—upstairs," he said.

* * * * * * *

But when he gained the drawing-room door, the last of a long string of men, he heard a light step on the stairs behind him, and, turning, saw her coming down toward him, holding the rich furs of her cloak together loosely. He closed the door noiselessly, and waited for her.

"Yes, I am going," she said in answer to the question of his eyes.

He turned and walked in silence down the staircase at her side.

"Why do you smile?" she asked.

He explained.

"I am thinking that method evidently underlies your unconventionality. Yours is a sound creed, too! Eat, drink, and be merry, with your feet under your neighbor's table, but fly from the company which bore you in this drawing-room afterward!"

"You do me cruel injustice!" she declared. "It is not unconventionality nor yet ingratitude that makes me flee my neighbor's drawing-room. It is merely that fate has made of me a country mouse."

"Are drawing-rooms tabooed to country mice?"

"Why, no! But when in town the country mouse is forced to emulate the Wandering Jew, or lose her reputation for gentility. You, lucky New Yorker, may let yourself be comfortably lazy; but were *I* to end my evening quietly here, my friends would pity me for being 'out of it.' I rejoice to say that two dances and a supper are still awaiting me tonight."

Her smile was entirely successful in conveying satisfaction. He noted that the dimple had no counterpart; it reigned bewitchingly alone. Nature could not achieve perfection twice.

"I hope you will allow me the great pleasure of meeting you again——" he began.

She threw her little hands out with a gesture of despair.

"So busy!" she exclaimed; and added quickly: "But I must not grumble at my numberless engagements. They save me from a dreadful fate. Do you know, there was a woman—she is a relative of mine—who came to town, having first told all her country friends that for the next month life would be 'one long martyrdom of *rush*.' But when she arrived in town she found her country friends assembled at her flat to watch the rush; and, worse, she found no single invitation-card awaiting her! Did ever woman find herself in such dilemma? But she was equal to the emergency. She spent her days in scouring town, in cabs, and her nights in viewing Fifth avenue and Broadway through the windows of hired broughams. The meals she occasionally allowed herself were always taken standing—she was 'too *rushed* to have the time to sit,' she told her friends; but, privately, you know, to stand was quite a restful change of attitude! It was an awful month, and nearly killed her. But it placed her reputation for being 'in the swim' on solid basis. She has rested on her laurels ever since, and is first authority in the country."

He refused to smile at her absurdity.

"Are you staying long in town?" he asked.

"You are thinking that cabs and broughams may make too big a hole in my small purse?"

"I am thinking of my wish to see you again," he retorted firmly.

"Your wish may very possibly be gratified," she answered lightly, "for did we not decide our world is round?"

She bestowed a quite unnecessary smile upon the powdered flunky in the hall, and passed out quickly to the waiting carriage. He laid a hand upon its open door.

"And our next meeting in this round world——" he asked.

"Alas! I am not blessed with second sight!" she sighed, and drew the door gently to.

"Good-night," she smiled.

The coachman raised his whip. He stayed him with a hasty gesture.

"But the point of the mauve-friend anecdote?" he cried.

Her face flushed suddenly with merriment.

"It had no point," she laughed—"only an aim; but that was satisfactorily achieved: for did it not rivet your attention, momentarily, on woman—in the singular?"

The carriage started with a jerk. He stopped to pick up something from the crimson drugget:

"She shall dance minus one glove at any rate," he told himself.

* * *

WOMAN'S WAY.

A woman should know that a husband's love is not ascertained by the number of times he says to his wife: "I love you," but by what he does for her. She should know that he has not ceased to love her because he has been so busy that for six hours he has not kissed her.

NEVER SLIPS or TEARS
NO STITCHING IN THE ELASTIC
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
THE ONLY CLASP THAT STANDS THE STRAIN OF MODERN USE
The Velvet Grip HOSE SUPPORTER
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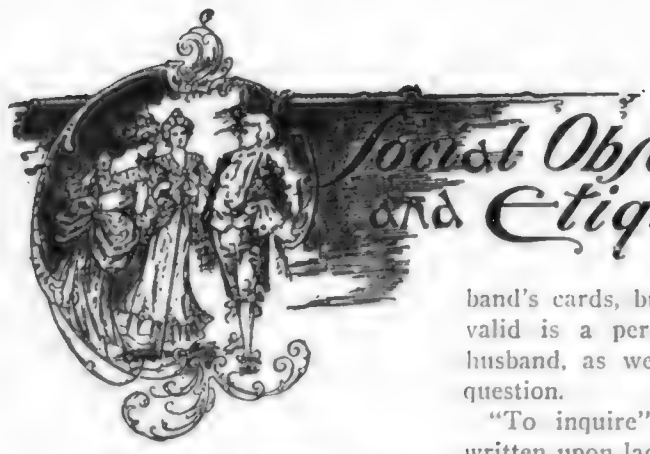

Social Observances and Etiquette.

"TO INQUIRE."

A POINT of much interest to a great many in the routine of card leaving is that which concerns cards of inquiry. This sympathetic duty comes into the daily life of most men and women, if not of all, and the larger the circle of friends the more frequent the demands for its due performance. It would seem, at first glance, that there need be but little hesitation as to the right thing to do under the circumstances, and yet many are in doubt as to the correct course to take in accordance with the acknowledged rules of etiquette on this head.

When the fact of the illness of a friend or acquaintance becomes known, those on calling terms feel it incumbent upon them to make personal inquiries respecting the condition of the invalid; they, therefore, leave cards without delay with "To inquire" written upon them. Married ladies leave one of their own cards and occasionally one of their husband's cards, but not unless the invalid is a personal friend of the husband, as well as of the wife in question.

"To inquire" is, as a rule, only written upon ladies' cards, unless the invalid is the husband of a lady called upon, when "to inquire" is also written on the cards of the husband. In the case of a grave illness, lasting some weeks, it is usual to leave cards, say, twice during its course, as regards mere acquaintances. Intimate friends would naturally call more frequently. When the invalid is a daughter of the lady called upon, married ladies only leave their own cards and not their husband's cards.

Leaving cards after a death has occurred in a family is very similar in its way, only that "With kindest sympathy and condolence," is written upon the cards, which should be left as soon as the bereavement becomes known. In some instances, telegrams of sympathy are sent in lieu of cards being left, but this is more special in the case of intimate friends; or in a wider sphere, by public men, officially connected with the head of a bereaved family, telegrams of condolence are sent to the survivor, whether husband or wife, as may be. Leaving cards expressive of sympathy does not take the place of notes of condolence between friends, although between acquaintances it is the only recognition of a bereavement that is expected on their part.

Cards of inquiry during illness should be left in person, that inquiries may be made on the occasion of so doing; also they could be sent by a servant instructed to make inquiries. But these cards should not be sent by post, as they would fail in their purpose in that case, the object being to ascertain the progress of an invalid toward recovery, and if such inquiries are made by leaving cards in person the impression left is naturally much more courteous than if this office were delegated to a servant. On the other hand, cards of sympath may be sent by mail if distance prevents their being left in person or by a servant, as the object in such cases is to convey sympathy rather than make inquiries.

How the above cards should be acknowledged is the other side of the subject, and one that occasions more doubt at times than the former. In earlier days inquiries received during illness were responded to by calling on the inquirer when sufficiently recovered to do so. But as change of air is often prescribed to complete convalescence, whatever the nature of an illness may have been, it is considered preferable not to postpone acknowledgments until so distant a date. Therefore, cards of thanks for kind inquiries are left by a member of an invalid's family, or sent by a servant, as soon as the recovery is assured. "Many thanks for kind inquiries" is written at the top of ladies' visiting cards. The card of the husband is not sent on these occasions.

Concerning the acknowledgment of cards of sympathy and condolence, and also letters of the same, it is usual to do this as soon after a funeral has taken place as possible. This, again, is a departure from the rule of former days, when three months were often allowed to elapse before cards were left. Now, from a fortnight to three weeks is a very average time within which to send them, and, whatever the relationship of the lost one to the survivors, the time of sending these cards is identical.

The fact of its being permissible to make this acknowledgment by mail is a great convenience to a bereaved family, as it enables any individual member of the family to dispatch cards without so protracted a delay, and either to send them by mail or by hand as most convenient.

It is more fashionable to have the stationery engraved, whether cards or notes, for this purpose, and should run thus: "Mrs. and the Misses Blank return thanks for kind inquiries and sympathy," or "Mr. and Mrs. Blank return thanks," etc. When a family includes sons, as well as daughters, it is usual to substitute the word "family" in lieu of the daughters' and the sons' names. Visiting cards are not used for this purpose.

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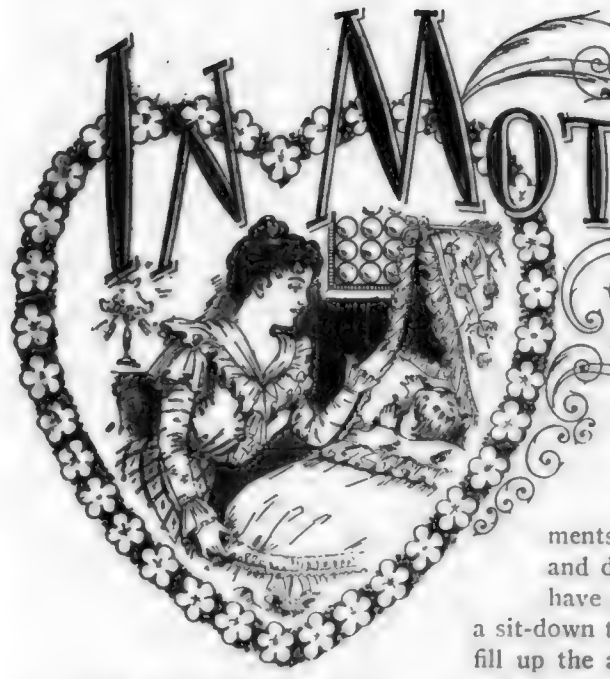

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

A GREAT many people think that children's parties require no forethought and yet here, too, time must be taken by the forelock, as it were, to insure success. Reminiscences of our own school days bring to mind the fact that in this month and in January the majority of children's parties and sociables take place.

Invitations should be issued early in the month to secure the presence of the desired little guests, for, like their elders, in their season comes a rush of invitations at one and the same time, and as it is sometimes impossible that all be accepted, those that are received first stand the best chance of not being declined. The same holds good as regards the securing of any special amusement for these gatherings, as it often happens that a particularly attractive amusement will be recommended from family to family, and will consequently be in great demand. Fads run in these things as in everything else; there are a good many artists who make a specialty of originating entertainments for children, and it is rather disappointing to find that a particular kind which we think would be appropriate is already engaged for the time we had in view.

To some people, it may seem ridiculous to write a special article on how to entertain children, but as PICTORIAL REVIEW makes a specialty of its children's department, it is not quite so inappropriate as it may at first appear.

As a rule, the younger children—ages ranging from five to ten years—are invited to afternoon parties from 3.30 or 4 o'clock to 6.30 or 7 o'clock, and older children to evening parties from 8 o'clock to 12, and to fancy-dress balls from 8 o'clock to perhaps 1 or 2 o'clock. For younger children they, of course, take place in the afternoon, although, as a rule, small children do not care very much for fancy dressing, they prefer to be amused in some other way, they like to be astonished, to laugh, etc. They delight in the ever new Punch and Judy, in marionettes, in juggling and in sleight-of-hand tricks. Each year some novelty is introduced, or old favorites improved upon, as, for instance shadowgraphs and stereopticon views. These special entertainments usually occupy one hour and do not commence until all have assembled. One hour for a sit-down tea and an hour for games fill up the allotted time.

It is a very good plan to take all the furniture out of the drawing-room and supply a quantity of cane-seated chairs, because, in the first place, the average parlor suit is not sufficient for a crowd of little ones, and then they are proverbially uneasy, so much so, in fact, that they might be inclined to spoil or ruin some particularly valuable furniture.

It is best to arrange the tea in the dining-room, where the tables are spread with everything in the way of cakes that is pretty and nice. Crystalized fruits of every variety; grapes, oranges, apples, pears, and so on.

In the meantime, while the children are eating, the drawing-rooms are rapidly cleared of seats or chairs to admit of dancing or games.

The practice of inviting young married ladies with their children is general, but it has the disadvantage of overcrowding small rooms, and not leaving sufficient room for the children themselves. In favor of including the relatives in these invitations is the pleasure they derive as onlookers. They take a lively interest in the appearance, dress and general demeanor of the children thus brought together, they can make instructive studies in their own children, as well as in those of their friends. It is a favorable opportunity for drawing comparisons and for acquiring a new idea or two in regard to training and dress.

Again, the givers of these children's parties are not unwilling to make the occasion one for inviting their friends, with or without children, considering that the juvenile element may be regarded as an attraction in itself, and one that appeals to most ladies; they thus combine an At Home and a children's party in one. With plenty of space, this plan answers well enough, but when space is limited, the crush is often unpleasantly great, so much so that there is barely standing room for anyone, either children or grown-ups, and the writer has seen such crushes that small children have had to be lifted through the crowd. These invitations are more especially given when tableaux are performed by the children, or when a little play is acted by them. In this case, amusement is afforded to the children, as well as to their elders.

Fancy dress parties are quite grand functions in their way, and here it is quite customary to invite the elders. It adds considerably to the attraction if fancy dances are introduced, also cotillons with easy but pretty figures employed, and presents of every description given to take the fancy of girls and boys. The flowers, the music, the refreshments or the supper are all prominent features.

Small dances are even more frequently given, and are often quite informal in character; they usually follow afternoon parties, and sometimes the older boys and girls stay together a little longer after the very little ones have gone home.

Invitations to children's parties greatly depend upon the nature of each. At Home cards are used when the party is to be a large one; notes are written when the reverse is the case. Sometimes the children send out their own invitations upon cards or sheets printed for the purpose and adorned with fanciful designs.

* * *

THE UNIVERSAL RULE.

Gladys—A Turkish woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him.

Agnes—No woman does.—*Judge.*

* * *

FEMININE LOGIC.

Maude—It sometimes pays to make haste slowly.

Clara—That's right. It isn't always the woman who fires up the quickest that makes the best match.

"VIYELLA"

THE NEW CLOTH

for Ladies' Flannel Waists,
Dressing Sacques, Children's Frocks, etc.,
in all the latest colorings and designs,
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"VIYELLA" is stamped on every 5 yards.

Also a very desirable weight for
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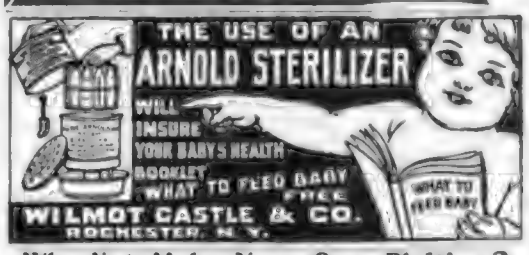
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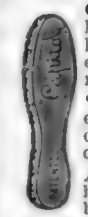

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"Happyfoot" Hair Insoles ease tender feet, keep perspiring feet dry, save you from rheumatism and colds. 10c.; three pairs, 25c.
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THE ONLY Adjuster in the Market that will Hold a LEATHER BELT Securely in Position with the V-Shaped Long Waist. Extends the waist line of short and stout women, and gives added elegance to the long-waisted woman. **Does away absolutely with all pinning** of shirt waist, belt and skirts, and can be adjusted in a minute. It makes dressing a pleasure rather than a torture. Recommended by the most fashionable dressmakers. Manufactured in Brass, Oxidized and Nickel. Can also be obtained in Gold or Silver.

Oxidized and Nickel, 25c.
Brass, - - - - - 35c.
1336 Prudential Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISSES' PARTY DRESSES.

(Described on page 38.)

JUST A CHANGED OPINION.

(Continued from page 9.)

lightly held the flower against her lips. "The last one—at parting! And do not forget what I told you!"

Quite some time after the meeting had been called to order Meredith entered the room and took his seat, ignoring the rather reproachful looks that met him from all sides. He listened silently to the arguments that were brought forth for and against the lady whose morality was thus publicly discussed. His fingers still tightly held the rose and the speeches that were made by the party opposed to him, that is the party that was in favor of inviting Miss Overbaugh, seemed to have much weight with him. One of his opponents declared that the works of the greatest minds all had tolerance as a basic foundation, and that this same tolerance was the fundamental idea that should govern every action.

When Meredith got up to answer this last speaker he, appealing to general attention, raised his hand with the rose almost involuntarily.

"Ah, the rose of virtue!" cried one of the opposing faction, sarcastically, remembering the golden rose th t was given by Pio Nono to one of the Spanish queens. His own friends laughed, but their mirth soon turned to surprise as he said calmly:

"That is very 'rue! I heartily endorse it! And in the very sense in which it was used just a few moments ago. The virtue we are called upon to exercise is tolerance. I admit that I am converted. I move that we have no guests of honor at this reception. Let us spare the woman to whom, as an artist, we owe so much thanks and admiration."

After a little further debate this motion was unanimously adopted and thus all humiliation was saved the artist.

When, a few months later, the excitement was subdued, the *liaison* between admirer and admired ended, just like a comic opera, with the merry jingle of wedding bells.

* * *

THE LITTLE STITCH RIPPER.

Among the many inventions of the century just closed, and which have lessened labor, is one that appeals to every woman who sews, either by hand or machine, plain or fancy work. It is called the Little Stitch Ripper, and in a half hour's time will prove by demonstration that it fills a long-felt want. It has already been demanded by thousands of the sewing public.

In these days of tailor-made gowns, where rows upon rows of machine stitching figure so prominently, it sometimes and frequently happens that uneven stitching will have to be ripped out, and this is done either by a sharp knife and a consequent laborious picking out with the fingers of infinitesimally small pieces of silk; or with a pair of scissors, the thread is started and then with the fingers the thread is pulled out—a process hard on one's fingers and patience. Viewed in the best light we can throw upon it, ripping is not an easy or agreeable pastime.

Now, the Little Stitch Ripper turns labor into pleasure. With its two little steel fingers, one sharpened to a fine point, the other carrying a groove into which the thread is shut and held firmly, operated similar to scissors, with an attractive rubberoid handle, plain or silver mounted, it is at once useful and an ornament to every lady's sewing table.

* * *

THE LEONARD SOFA BED.

The Leonard Sofa Bed, advertised on this page, is certainly a great improvement upon the dangerous folding bed. The Leonard is a very elegant piece of furniture. This firm construct no cheap bed. But we are informed that their lowest expensive bed is as serviceable and luxurious as the highest-priced bed they make.

* * *

TO LADIES ONLY.

The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, elicits a clear transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

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SEND THREE HAIRS FOR FREE MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION.

Take three fallen hairs from the morning combings and mail them to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated scalp and skin specialist of years standing and national reputation, who will send you absolutely **FREE** a Diagnosis of your special case after making a minute examination of your hairs under his specially constructed and powerful microscope. There is no charge whatsoever, and in addition he will send a special prescription for your case put up in a little box, also absolutely **FREE.** When you are cured of **DANDRUFF,** which is the forerunner of baldness, and grow **NEW HAIR** Prof. Austin asks that you tell your friends about it. **SEND NO MONEY.** If you are already partly or totally bald write and find the cure. **SEND 2c FOR POSTAGE. WRITE TO-DAY TO**

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36 L	Ring, fine opal, 12 diamonds, 14k.,	$25 00
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45 L	Ring, 5 genuine turquoise, 14k.,	11 00
49 L	Ring, opal, 10k.,	3 50
54 L	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	16 00
55 L	Ring, 5 diamonds, 14k.,	24 00
62 L	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	45 00
63 L	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	50 00
64 L	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	75 00
811 A	Scarf Pin, 9 whole pearls, 14k.,	6 50
835 A	Scarf Pin, 15 whole pearls, 14k.,	6 00
972 A	Brooch, pearls and diamond, 10k.,	9 50
974 A	Brooch, 7 diamonds, 14k.,	25 00
975 A	Brooch, pearls and diamond, 14k.,	14 00
980 A	Scarf Pin, 14k.,	2 25
981 A	Scarf Pin, baroque pearl, snake is antique finish, diamond in head, 14k.,	5 00
985 A	Brooch or Chatelaine, pearls, 10k.,	10 00
988 A	Brooch, Roman gold, 10k.,	1 75
990 A	Brooch, pearls and diamond, 14k.,	18 00
998 A	Pearl Brooch or Chatelaine, 5 whole pearls, 1 diamond, 14k.,	27 50
116 B	Pearl Brooch, 1 whole pearl, 1 diamond, 14k.,	24 00
118 B	Brooch and Pendant, pearls, 7 diamonds, 14k.,	75 00
136 B	Pearl Brooch and Pendant, 6 whole pearls, 1 diamond, 14k.,	55 00
137 B	Brooch, fine amethyst, rose gold, 10k.,	8 00
138 B	Brooch and Pendant, 25 diamonds, 14k.,	140 00
146 B	Brooch, baroque pearl, 5 whole pearls, 14k.,	12 00
147 B	Brooch and Pendant, diamond, 14k.,	25 00
148 B	Pearl Brooch, 5 whole pearls, 14k.,	12 00
149 A	Scarf Pin, Roman gold oak leaves, 1 whole pearl, 14k.,	3 00
150 B	Scarf Pin, baroque, pearls, 14k.,	3 00
151 B	Scarf Pin, 9 whole pearls, 14k.,	4 50
152 B	Scarf Pin, opal, 14k.,	3 50
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GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

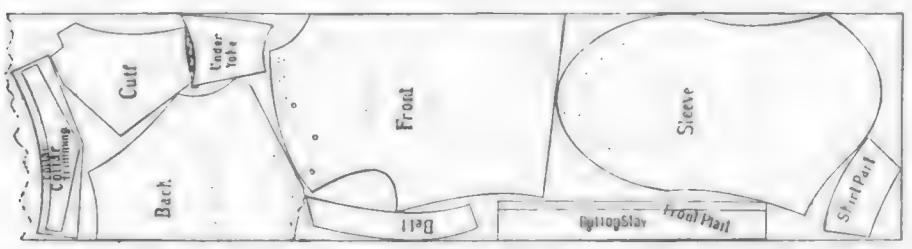
CONDUCTED BY MLLE. PRATIQUE.

THE GIBSON WAIST.

ONE of the prettiest ideas for a shirt waist, that has been designed for next season, is undoubtedly the "Gibson" waist, for which quite an extensive vogue is assured. Its particular characteristic is the overlapping fold that is intended to give a broad-shoulder effect, and for which an allowance is made when cutting out the pattern. Although primarily meant for wash goods, it may, for present wear, be developed of taffeta or Viyella.

To make the waist will require 2⅓ yards of material, 36 inches wide, or 4⅔ yards, 18 inches wide. Place the pattern on the goods, as shown in the diagram, the center of the back, as well as the edge of the front, on the selvedge. The sleeve, under yoke and cuff are placed on the straight of the thread, and the remainder of the pattern is disposed as shown.

It will be seen that the front has three large perforations which give the overlapping fold on the shoulder. Tuck the back and front according to the clusters of perforations. When this is finished, join the back and front by the under-arm seam. Cut out the sleeve and plait it into the cuff; it will be seen that the cuff is of an entirely new shape, cut with a point on the inside that comes up a great deal higher than the outside. The overlapping edge is cut with two points which are ornamented with stitching and lace or embroidery. The shape of the sleeve is quite as novel as the whole garment, and, as distinctly shown, the puff, which comes directly above the cuff, is very full, and appears only at the outside, the inside of the sleeve being very plain.



The collar is tucked, and is trimmed with lace insertion, or with embroidered straps.

The button stay and the front plait are cut separately, and then sewed to the front. The trimming may consist of lace, as in the illustration, or if developed of flannel, no garniture will be necessary. The waist may be made with or without a lining, according to personal preference.

For the collar, a firm foundation will be necessary, either one of the boned frames or plain tailor's canvas. If the latter is chosen, cut the shape a little larger all around, than the collar is to be when finished. Not more than two layers of canvas will be required, but they have to be stitched together with the machine in zig-zag fashion. After stitching, place the foundation on the ironing board and put a wet cloth over it, then press perfectly dry with a hot iron. In pressing, the greatest care must be exercised not to pull the collar out of shape, as this is very apt to happen when it is wet. It must also be pressed until perfectly dry. If these directions are not carefully followed, the foundation will be as limber as an old rag, instead of a proper foundation.

In order to prevent the plait at the shoulder from becoming displaced, the small under-yoke serves as a secure foundation.

The waist, as a whole, is of very graceful shape, and, as stated above, is one of the novelties of the Summer season of 1902.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Margaret L.—A d'but gown should be white and of some thin, airy material, and rather simply made, so as to suggest girlishness. Gloves and shoes, too, should be white.

Mi. G. T. W., Bridgeport.—Black silks are much worn. In style they rank as follows: Peau de soie, satin, sicilienne, taffeta and very fine gros grain.

Mrs. V. M. B., N. H.—Drop or separate linings are universally worn. They are made with five gores and are from three and a half to four yards in width.

Mrs. Geo. W., N. Y.—Washable cloaks made of white piqué, with insertions and edgings of embroidery, are very useful and can be made at comparatively small cost.

White is always the best and most charming for a baby, and while it must be admitted that it soils easily, it is also easily laundered.

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SERVICEABLE SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

WHAT IS TO BE SAID OF VIYELLA.

Aside from waists, Viyella will fashion the daintiest garments of every description for children, and when once mothers have fully realized this fact, it stands to reason that the fabric will far outrank all other flannels as a preferred material for children's clothes. Not only are very pretty and tasteful dresses developed of Viyella, but all manner of undergarments as well.

The principal reason why this cloth enjoys such an extended vogue, and will enjoy a far greater popularity when its true merits are known to the majority, lies in the fact that it is absolutely unshrinkable and will not lose its peculiar luster even after repeated launderings.

This cloth is made in Great Britain and has won for itself a household name all over the Continent. Nine years ago this fabric made its appearance in London, and received a wholesome welcome at the hands of modern society, and satisfactorily met the requirements of all nationalities.

Its superior construction, its absolute unshrinkability and its extraordinary durable qualities have given it a world-wide advertisement.

Viyella has an enormous sale for waists, dressing sacques, knickerbockers, children's dresses, etc.

All this is taken into consideration, it is only natural that its excellent qualities are gaining more and more friends for it every day. It is the ideal fabric for shirt waists, whether intended for ordinary wear or for golfing and sporting purposes, and is made up by our foremost houses into waists and dresses for the Winter season at our southern resorts. It is the preferred material of the smart set.

The weave is compact and solid without being clumsy, and Viyella really has more resemblance to a high-grade, exquisitively finished cloth than to flannel.

It can be had in different weights to suit all purposes, and when once the varied uses to which it can be put are thoroughly realized, it will be the preference for all kinds of garments that are now principally fashioned of the old-fashioned flannels. How much worry and bother these occasion every mother, and every housewife knows. They have to be handled with the greatest care, and instructions on washing flannels are as old as the hills; every time they have to be washed, the laundress and the mistress both tremble at the result, in the majority of cases the garments shrinking to such an extent as to be entirely useless. And in purchasing or making garments of the ordinary flannel an extra allowance for shrinking has always to be figured.

With Viyella, all this is done away with. The manufacturers absolutely guarantee that it will not shrink, and this has been the experience of all who have used it. Once Viyella, always Viyella.

It is made in a variety of colors, including solid effects, stripes, plaids and checks, in light and dark shades, but all are characterized by exquisite and artistic taste in combinations and designs. Even the most fastidious will be charmed with the dainty colorings that are to be found in this material. Among the colors most fashionable this season brown and green, and black and white stripes undoubtedly stand foremost, and very beautiful, indeed, are the tints in Viyella cloth that are reproduced in the leading shades found only in high-priced silks.

Viyella is manufactured by Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., Great Britain, and can be obtained at all leading dry goods stores.

The stamp Viyella is placed upon every five yards of each piece.

* * *

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During the past year the continually increasing subscription list has amply testified that the publishers of PICTORIAL REVIEW are supplying a magazine that has been awarded the favor of popularity through its merits solely as a publication that is as much a Home as a Dressmaker's journal.

Primarily, a fashion magazine, the styles illustrated combine everything that a woman of dainty taste would like to wear, from smart tailor-mades to chic ball gowns, and we are certain that if you take it for a year and see the variety which is offered, you will be unwilling ever to give it up.

One of the chief features that has made PICTORIAL REVIEW invaluable and indispensable to every home are the children's styles which, in the fifteen to twenty models offered each month, embody all that is new, appropriate and practical for the little ones. Every mother who wishes her darlings clothed in the newest, most becoming and daintiest fashion must and will subscribe to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Aside from these salient points PICTORIAL REVIEW contains many departments of interest, that, if kept on file, will always make an up-to-date reference which can be consulted on various topics. Of special interest to Housewives is the Cooking Department, which contains seasonable menus, recipes and hints on economical cuisine.

It is the best Home and Fashion magazine, and subscribing for it is the only way to get its full benefit. It is read by the most desirable people. PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1 per year is an exceptional opportunity to have the best woman's paper regularly at hand by mail every month.

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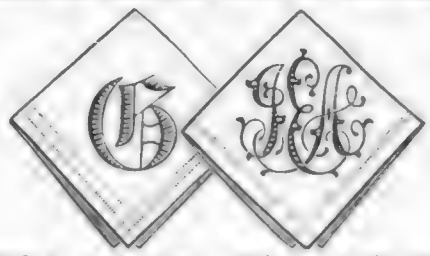

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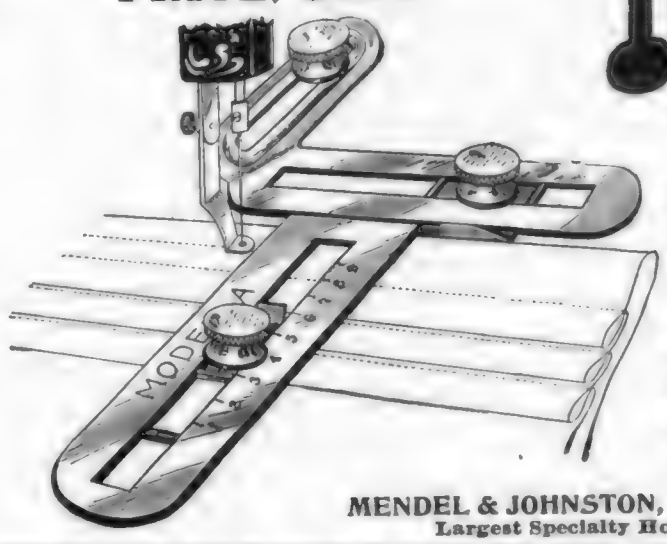

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Largest Specialty House in U. S.

TASTEFUL CLOTH DRESSES.

(Described on page 38.)

WHISPERS.

Heavy white bengaline, embroidered in large black dots, is one of the most attractive shirt waist materials, but the ready made waist of this fabric is to be found only in those houses that buy the material and do the embroidering in their own establishment. Here is a chance for the girl handy with her needle to get a smart waist at comparatively little cost.

* * *

A lovely white underskirt almost defies description, but is perfect in taste and style. It is of white silk, the edge cut in pointed effects, from beneath which emerges a flounce of hand painted gauze—a charming design of wild roses.

Others are shown in the daintiest of all lingerie stuffs, which are trimmed with entredeux, lace appliqué and tiny frillings of lace, which cross and recross each other and give an impression of dazzling clouds of filmy whiteness. Let us hope that the fashion of the white skirt will long remain with us, and that women of fashion will not again abandon so appropriate an acquisition to the feminine wardrobe.

* * *

As many as three rings sparkling with jewels, their settings invisible, are worn on the little finger of the right hand. Flexible settings, each stone separately attached to its neighbor, are favorites when many rings are worn together, as they offer less resistance in the jeweled-ring crush of threes or fours.

* * *

To make an effective collar and cuffs for a flannel or cloth waist, take a piece of cloth, for instance, forest green, cut it the shape desired, but leave a good margin to turn in when it is made. Line with either thin crinoline or tailor's canvas, and then have it stamped with a conventional design in flowers and leaves. Cut out some panne velvet in two shades of green, following the pattern exactly, and appliqué these to the collar with filo or Roman floss in long and short stitches. Vein the leaves and make French knots in the center of the flowers. This makes a very up-to-date and chic collar and cuffs, and, made in white, is very pretty on a house gown.

* * *

Narrow black velvet ribbon is fancifully used in loose bunches of long loops as skirt and bodice trimmings. Often long scarf effects are produced on evening skirts by starting a number of these velvet ends at the belt line, and at different lengths, uniting them into a loose rosette of loops, or to form a bow, and then passing them further down and gathering them in again, increasing the length of the loops or the width of the rosettes.

* * *

Small buttons combined with narrow velvet are often used happily, the buttons ending a series of velvet straps and may be of gold, steel or pearl. Handsome buttons remain a dress luxury, while fancy silk woven ones are in very good taste upon gowns generally.

* * *

White felt hats with a low crown and brim with slightly rolling edge, trimmed with a flat wreath of pale-pink or white silk roses are very smart. Underneath the brim in back is a black velvet ribbon bow.

THE APPLE OF PARIS

A TALK ON BEAUTY AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

THE face is said to be the mirror of the soul. It must also be conceded that the face influences the mind, the health and our neighbors. If our mirror tells us that we look ill it impresses us immediately, and we feel all that the reflected face shows, implies or hints at.

The facial muscles are very sensitive, the tissue very plastic; therefore it responds easily to treatment. The inclination to wrinkle comes from the underlying tissues, becoming attenuated by reason of loss of natural fat, the epidermis shrivels and falls into folds. Undeniably, wrinkles can be removed, but they come under the head of chronic ailments and demand persistent application of the remedy. This takes time. The remedies are food and exercise.

The pores of the skin are very absorbent; hence if the face shows signs of attenuation it can be fed through the pores by massaging with a good, well recommended skin cream. To do the work scientifically requires training, but any woman can give her face a simple massage treatment every night by studying a few rules of massage treatment.

People with a fine thin skin are more prone to freckle than those with a coarser skin. The actinic rays of the sun cause a chemical change to take place in the minute deposits of iron beneath the superficial, semi-transparent layer and produce a darkening of the pigment on the fair white surface.

One of the most discouraging features of these sun kisses is their propensity to return under like conditions after they have supposedly disappeared. Massage the face with a well-indorsed cream containing a harmless bleach, and then rub in a good vegetable powder, not of the white glaring kind, but a real flesh tint, that will not clog the pores, but will prevent the sun's action on the skin, thus stopping the freckling, tanning, etc. Prevention is better than cure.

Avoid creams containing acids, lanoline, glycerine or vaseline. An artificial, thickly powdered face is not beautiful; but to avoid freckles a woman of refinement may judiciously use a face powder, and yet not violate the rules of good taste. But never a white powder that will show. Choose a flesh-colored powder, a vegetable powder which will be absorbed by the pores.

If you have blackheads by all means use a complexion brush with a pure soap and warm water morning and night. The glands must be cleansed and stimulated so that they will throw off the clogging secretions. Dry carefully, pat your face with a little alcohol, then press out the blackheads very gently; repeat this every night. Good looks are the greatest stepping stones to success whether they be in the mercantile world or in the home circle. They attract, they surprise, they hypnotize.

Next to the skin the hair should have untiring attention. To have a good head of hair one must have an abundance of wholesome food, pure air, exercise and ease of mind. Sunlight is a grand hair tonic. Persons who are much in the dark will find their hair falling out and wonder why. Our organism is very intricate and sensitive, and the action of each organ is dependent on the other to produce good health.

When the organs are out of repair it is like wireless telegraphy in communicating its indisposition to each of the other organs. Nervousness and the indulgence in strong emotions result in ruining a good head of hair. As each hair lives only eight years, there is no cause for alarm when the long hair falls out, as it may have lived its allotted time. If the short hair comes out and leaves bald spots then disease exists, and strenuous measures should be taken. Poor hair certainly emanates from a starved scalp. If the roots of the rarest and must luxuriant plant in the world are not properly fed and cared for, they in consequence fail to give nourishment and life to the plant and cause it to dry up and die. So with the hair. If the roots of the hair are not properly fed and nourished, the hair becomes dry, brittle and dies.

It is dryness of the scalp which promotes dandruff, and eventually baldness. Cure the dandruff and the hair will stop falling out; nourish your scalp and the incoming hair will be of the natural hue. Put into the scalp a hygienic head cream, massage with the rotary motion, then pinch and push the scalp upward until the scalp is in a glow. When through with this, loosen the hair and brush it thoroughly and carefully, lifting it up and down to allow the air to circulate through it. Do this night and morning. If the hair is very greasy wash it with a good soap, and use a sprinkler attached to a rubber tube to rinse it thoroughly. Put on the cream again, using less of it. It is not advisable to wash the hair more than twice a month. Follow this treatment with patience and perseverance and you will be astonished at the result.

Eyelashes and eyebrows should have the same care as the hair. A small brush should be on everybody's toilet table and should be used night and morning. Eyebrows, to be perfect, should be arched, the hair of even length and soft. The brows must be brushed from root to end and a good hygienic cream should be applied. To give character to the face the brow should be a little darker than the hair.

Eyelashes should be long and curling, but if not naturally so very little can be done for them if the person is grown. All "make-up" near the eyes is injurious to the sight, so never use cosmetics or darkening pomades on lash or brow.

MME. LIA RAND.

* * *

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Not every woman has a nice hand, and to quote from the poets, "Trim white and rounded, with tapering fingers and pearly nails," says Mme. Lia Rand, the well-known authority on how to be beautiful. Much can be done by care and attention, and as beauty knows no rank, it is within the grasp of all, poor or rich, to have nice looking hands. When properly and daily attended to it will take only a few moments to keep them in perfect trim. Always use good soap when washing your hands as common soap makes the hands rough. Use lemon in preference to pumice stone to take away stains, and on retiring massage your hands with a good cream and then powder them thickly. This will in a short time entirely change the appearance of your hands and make them soft and white. If you have any warts on hands or arms touch them lightly with acid or caustic. The next morning wash in soft water and scrape off several layers with a dull knife. As soon as possible repeat the operation until the wart disappears.

If your hands perspire put a dash of vinegar in the water when you wash them.

The beauty of the nails consist in their shape, in the way they grow and in their transparency. Any defect in the shape can hardly be remedied, but they can all be kept in good condition by careful attention; in fact, they require the same unceasing care as the rest of the person. They should be scrubbed often and polished with a chamois skin. The use of blush cloth will be found preferable to any tinted nail powder.

* * *

Mme. Lia Rand, the famous complexion specialist, will answer, personally, any questions addressed to her, care of PICTORIAL REVIEW, provided a stamped envelope is enclosed.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 53 years—no other has—and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

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WRINKLES REMOVED AT ANY AGE.

"Anti-Wrinkle Sheets" work like magic while you sleep. They prevent lines from forming. Try them and be convinced. 25 and 50c. per package. Daily demonstrations (Friday excepted).

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For falling hair and dandruff use **Barritt's Tonic Lotion.**

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DRESSES OF PLAIN AND FIGURED MATERIAL.

(Described on page 38.)

The House Wife

INTERESTING BITS OF INFORMATION.

TO save work and to prevent the frequent annoyance of the maid's failure to return waste-baskets that are taken down stairs to be emptied, one housekeeper has devised an ingenious plan. An open bag made of stout ticking is provided. The circular bottom is stiffened by slipping a piece of pasteboard between the ticking and an inner bottom lining of a glossy paper muslin. The top of the bag is hemmed, but is made without a shin string. The maid carries this bag on her rounds through the rooms every morning, and the contents of the library and bedroom baskets are emptied into it.

* * *

The *art nouveau* is seen in some of the newest furniture and a combination of blue and green seems a popular note. Wall papers are shown with the two colors combined, and in stuffs, for cushions and draperies the two colors are repeated. Blue jars stand on green tables and blue cushions are piled on green sofas. The predilection for blue and green appears to have succeeded that of blue and white. The shades of the colors are a rich, deep blue, and rather a dark green, that is not so much a grass hue as a tint with some yellow lights in it. Their general and accepted artistic union shows how our ideas have changed. Only a few years ago blue and green were considered impossible to put together.

* * *

A delicious filling for éclairs, to take the place of the thick custard ordinarily used, is a boiled icing, beaten, in proportions of "half and half," with whipped cream. The icing is made by boiling, without stirring, one cup of granulated sugar, with five tablespoons of water. When the syrup spins a hair, it should be instantly taken from the fire and poured over the stiffly beaten white of one egg. This compound is then beaten till cold, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice added; the whipped cream is then stirred in lightly, and any flavoring used which may be preferred. The lemon juice is merely to counteract the excessive sweetness.

* * *

In preparing almonds for salting, care should be taken that they do not remain too long in the blanching water. Boiling water is often poured over the almonds and the bowl left untouched in the press of other preparations. The hot water draws out the bitter, prussic-acid taste of the skin, and if the nuts are left to cool in the water they will reabsorb it. If this carelessness has taken place, rinse the nut meats with boiling water after the skin comes off.

* * *

The modern housewife has learned that feather dusters and other flirting brooms and brushes merely scatter the dust and germs in her house, instead of removing them. She is now being told by scientists that to shake her rugs and carpets, beat her draperies, etc., in the tiny yards of her city home is undesirable. The dust flies in near-by windows, her own perhaps, and is again disseminated. The idea of housekeeping to-day is to destroy dust. Carpet sweepers, covered dust-pans, and cloths are the implements to be made use of, and the dust thus gathered should be burned, or, in the case of cloths, washed out. Back of this care, however, should come a wise choice of household belongings. Simplicity should be the fundamental law of their selection. Have the things needed for comfort and use in simple, easily cared for designs; for pure decoration, only a few very satisfying things. Gewgaws as a rule are useless, and may be dispensed with.

* * *

It is pointed out by one of the bulletins of the Agricultural Department that fish to be properly cooked should not be plunged into boiling water. Put it rather into water that is on the point of boiling, keeping it at this temperature for a few minutes, and then allow it to fall from the boiling point, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, to about 180 degrees. The same method should be followed in meats that are to be boiled for eating. A high temperature for about ten minutes seals the pores of the meat, preventing the escape of the nutritious and flavoring juices. To continue the high temperatures, however, sears the meat all the way through, making it tough and indigestible. If, however, the juices are to be extracted from the meat to produce a broth, the meat should go into cool water that is slowly heated, never beyond 160 degrees Fahrenheit. The use of an oven and water thermometer should extend among housekeepers.

Some beautiful effects in new table linen are seen in the double borders now considered necessary in every tablecloth. One showing ribbon gracefully intertwined and caught occasionally with a bow is particularly handsome and effective. Another has a double vine of ferns sprinkled with bunches of crocuses, all woven in the dead white of the damask; this makes a pretty cloth for a spring luncheon or dinner. Fastidious hostesses keep their linen closets stocked with a variety of cloths reproducing flowers of each season. In this way it is possible for the cloth to match in design the seasonable decoration of the dinner. It may be added that the round table always preferred by artistic dinner givers, and never out of fashion, is at present almost obligatory for a handsome dinner.

* * *

When bead portières are used in a doorway, it adds to the effect to have some rather sheer Oriental stuff hanging straight at one side, as if pushed there for convenience. The portières in themselves are rather characterless, and the drapery is a desirable addition.

* * *

Bread crumbs used for frying, gratins, etc., should first be slightly dried on a clean tin or a sheet of paper, and kept till wanted in a well-closing jar or tin. The object of this suggestion is to lessen the drawbacks (to an inexperienced cook) caused by the natural moisture contained in bread freshly crumbed, and also to produce more rapidly the coloring necessary to a sightly dish. Moreover, it obviates delay when the article in question is wanted in a hurry.

A knife which has been used to peel onions should be well wiped with a clean cloth, then briskly rubbed with coarse dry salt. Whenever flour is used for cakes, etc., and for all delicate preparations such as white sauces, it should previously be dried and sifted. A few drops of lemon juice squeezed into the water in which salsify, celery, Jerusalem artichokes and other white vegetables are cooked, will help to retain the color.

* * *

To prevent salt from caking in the salt-cellars, add a little arrowroot.

Mixed mustard will keep a better color if a pinch of salt is added to the mixture.

When the oven is too hot for the proper baking of its contents, stand a basin of cold water inside. (This does not apply to gas-stoves, as the heat can be reduced or increased at will.)

To cut hard boiled eggs in regular, smooth strips, dip the knife into water.

Iron pots and utensils which are not in daily use are apt to rust; to prevent this, make a paste with thick starch and a strong solution of soda and water, and with this coat the inside of the article in question. This can easily be rinsed off when the pot is wanted.

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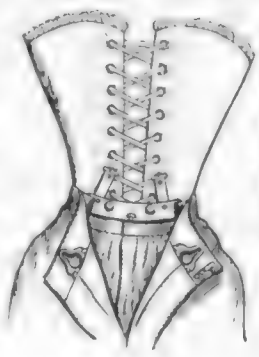

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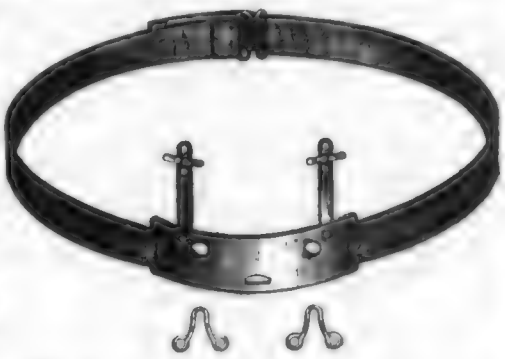

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OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Chinese Fables.

THE TERRIBLE WILD BOAR.

A POOR old woman who lived alone in a dismal hut with her little granddaughter, one day went to the woods nearby to gather some dry twigs. On the way home she found an end of nice, juicy sugar-cane which she put in her bundle to take to her little granddaughter. Suddenly a wild boar broke his way through the thick underbrush and fiercely demanded the sugar-cane.

"I can't do that," said grandmother, "because I want to give it to Pearl, my little granddaughter, she is so very fond of it. And I think I have earned it as I, an old woman, have bent countless times to pick up the twigs and now have to carry this bundle home on my back."

"You refuse to give it to me! Well, then, let me tell you that at midnight I shall break into your hut and eat up your grandchild," cried the enraged boar as he turned and disappeared in the woods.

When the old woman reached home she put down her load of wood, seated herself on the threshold and lamented loudly with deep anguish because she had tried in vain to find a plan that would save her grandchild from the wild boar's vengeance. Her cries and tears attracted the attention of a passing pedlar who carried a large stock of needles and he asked her what was the matter. She confided her sorrow to him, but while he sympathized with her he did not know of any plan to defeat the boar. As an evidence of his good-will he gave her several packages of his largest and sharpest needles.

The old woman thanked him and proceeded to put the needles all about the threshold in close rows. This done she sat down again and commenced to lament anew.

A man who was selling lobsters happened along and he also inquired as to the cause of her grief. He listened quietly and then said:

"As I am not strong enough to try and kill the boar I really don't know what advice to give you; but I will do all I can for you—I will give you half my lobsters."

The old woman put the lobsters in a tub and placed this behind her door. Then she sat down and soon was crying again.

"What are you crying about?" asked a peasant who was leading an ox along the road.

"I am very sorry that I cannot do anything to prevent this calamity," he said, after he had listened to her sad story. "But in order that you may not feel so solitary and alone when the wild boar comes I shall leave you my greatest treasure, the ox, over night."

She took the animal into her room—the whole hut consisting of only one room—and tied him at the head of her bed; then she put down some hay and grass that he might eat when he felt hungry. Again her sorrow overwhelmed her and the tears coursed down her cheeks.

The next one who came along was a boy with a basket, which contained a small alligator that he had just caught.

"The boar cannot possibly be a common animal, but is undoubtedly an evil spirit that has taken this guise, and as nothing can be done against evil spirits I cannot aid you, but in token of my sympathy I will give you this alligator."

Grandmother took the alligator, although she did not know what to do with it, and yet she did not like to hurt the boy's feelings. After she had placed basket and alligator before her bed, she went outside again and walked up and down, wringing her hands in her grief, as she realized how swiftly time was passing.

Two men passed by in a wagon and they also inquired as to the cause of her distress. One of the men was a dealer in millstones and the other was a digger of wells. They, too, declared they could not help her, but to show how sorry they felt the former said he would give her the largest stone on his wagon and the latter offered to dig her a very deep well. The poor old woman let them do as they liked, she did not care very much for anything, still she felt a little comforted by the many marks of sympathy. The man began to dig the well at once and it was quite dark when he had finished.

She thanked the men and they went away, glad to think they had done all they could for her.

Once more she seated herself on the little step that led into her house and began to cry and wail anew at the thought of the dreadful fate in store for her beloved grandchild. Suddenly a voice near her asked what distressed her so, and on looking up she saw standing beside her a vendor of white and colored paper, which the Chinese use to fashion wagons, carts, etc., that are burned at funeral processions and at graves.

When she had told him her troubles he said with much regret:

"I am very sorry that I cannot stay and help you fight the boar, but I must hurry home. However, to show you how much I sympathize with you I will give you the largest sheet of my white paper."

Grandmother accepted this present, too, with thanks, and as she did not know what to do with it she spread it over the newly-dug well. The paper was large enough to entirely cover the opening.

In the meantime it had grown quite late and old grandmother went inside her hut, fastened the door as well and as securely as she could, put her little favorite to bed, placing her very near to the wall, and then lay down beside the child, her heart beating quickly with fear as she awaited the coming of the enemy with wide-open eyes.

When the clock struck twelve she heard the angry, furious grunting of the boar coming nearer and nearer, and presently the dull thud against the door told her he was trying to force an entrance, but the more he increased his endeavors the more the needles hurt and pricked him. The effort he made in breaking down the door had heated him to such an extent that he made a mad rush for the tub of water to quench his thirst. In doing this he scared up the lobsters that at once fastened themselves to his ears and nose until he howled and writhed with pain. He threw himself on the floor where the alligator at once bit off his tail, which only served to increase his rage and fury. Springing up he knocked against the ox, who, angry in his turn at being so rudely jarred, made a lunge at the boar with his long, sharp horns and dug them into him again and again until the boar sought relief in flight. Smarting with pain and furious at the many obstacles he encountered, he dashed outside to plan some awful revenge. The white paper spread over the opening of the well looked so very inviting that he decided to lie down there until he had recovered from the shock. But hardly had he executed this resolve when the paper, owing to the great weight, tore in pieces and the boar tumbled right into the well. Grandmother heard this and quickly rushing out she rolled the millstone into the well and killed the boar at once.

DRINKS FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Waldmeister Punch.

THIS punch is comparatively unknown in our country, although throughout northern Germany it is counted among the favorites. Possibly it would be just as popular here, if the particular herb that is one of its principal components grew in the United States, but as it is the herb in question—Waldmeister—has to be imported from abroad; it can be purchased at all large importing firms. Authorities differ as to the way in which the punch is prepared, that is, as far as the ingredients are concerned, but the two most popular kinds are herewith given:

Steep one-half box of Waldmeister in four bottles of Moselle wine until the wine is sufficiently flavored. Add sufficient sugar to sweeten, boiling the sugar and letting it cool before mixing it with the wine. Then add one or two bottles of champagne and a dash of whisky.

Great care must be exercised in not letting the Waldmeister remain too long in the wine, or the taste will be rather stronger than is liked. The chief attraction about this punch is the delicacy of the flavor imparted by the herb.

Another recipe used by some is as follows:

Steep one-half box Waldmeister in two bottles of Moselle wine until sufficient flavor is extracted. Then add sugar to taste, stirring until dissolved; also the juice of an orange. Two bottles of Rhine wine are added to give body to the punch (the Moselle being light), and finally add two bottles of champagne, to give the necessary sparkle. Just before serving add a cupful of ripe strawberries which are merely ornamental and will not in any way detract from the flavor of the herb.

Punch à la Symposium.

Slice a pineapple very thin, also three bananas, add the juice of an orange and let this draw several hours with two bottles of Rhine wine. Then strain and add one bottle of port wine, one bottle of Madeira, one-quarter bottle of Cognac brandy, three ounces Benedictine, one bottle of cherries in maraschino, one bottle of claret, two bottles of champagne. Sweeten to taste.

Cardinal Punch.

Grate the rind of four oranges with sugar, using about one and one-half pounds of sugar, then add the juice of the oranges and four bottles of Rhine or Moselle wine. It is ready to be served as soon as the sugar is dissolved.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SARAH BERNHARDT.

"I eat," says Bernhardt, "everything and I never exercise—never. I execute none of these things you call calisthenics. I rest. The thing that exhausts me most is to be ennuyée. How it ages one!" "Isn't the fashion in which you wear your rings, your own?" she is asked. "Yes, yes; my invention." Madame Bernhardt holds aloft her emeralded thumb. "I introduced the wearing of the thumb ring. It suited my hand, and I placed it there. But I did not say to other women, 'Go and do likewise.' Women should dress to suit themselves, each one to her own individual styles. They should follow no leader. I invented the mousquetaire glove, I wore it. What an absurdity followed. Stout and short arms rushed into it. And I—how thin I was. So thin that the wrinkled glove suited. Then I have a figure fitted to this—the girdle. Kangaroo, you call it? Well, I am built that way. But for every woman to try to be so! What a horror. No, each woman to her style. And she must have here, in her brain, the sense to create one that improves her. Out of mediocre material with taste, with individuality, what may not be attained?" Madame Bernhardt is toying with a medallion of crystal at the end of a long jeweled chain. Some one admires it. On it is painted exquisitely the Virgin Mary. "I am religious enough to love it," she says. "Yes, I am religious, though I do not follow forms."

THE SILK-E SKIRT.

A dainty and neat underskirt is one of the most necessary items of every woman's toilette, and one that requires frequent renewal, because the friction caused in walking and the dust accumulated after every promenade soon renders the underskirt unsightly, and, if developed of expensive silks naturally goes to the cleanser, thereby considerably increasing the original cost.

The skirts made of SILK-E, on the other hand, not alone look like silk, but wear very much better, and the comparatively low price make them accessible to every one. The manufacturer of these skirts does not supply retailers, and consequently readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW will, by purchasing a SILK-E skirt, receive a strictly exclusive article. All further details will be found in the announcement on page 35.

VIYELLA.

The exceedingly good qualities of Viyella have made it one of the most favored materials for the ever-popular flannel shirt waist, as well as for children's frocks. Not alone is the quality of the material all that is claimed for it by the manufacturers, but it comes in a wide range of the most artistic and fashionable colors and tints. Special among these may be mentioned the green and brown shades that are so very fashionable this season.

The lighter colors are exquisite in their delicacy, and a waist of pale-blue, pale-pink, or cream Viyella adorned with embroidery in the same or contrasting color is truly desired by every woman who is attracted by neat and dainty effects in dress.

As a material for children's frocks and garments of all descriptions, Viyella stands unexcelled, not alone because the closeness of the weave at once proclaims its good wearing qualities, but because the colors do not fade, and it does not shrink, even after the most repeated launderings, a fact which is particularly appreciated, as, before the advent of Viyella flannel that would not shrink nor fade had been an impossibility.

Viyella is manufactured by Wm. Hollins Co., Ltd., Gr at Britain and can be obtained at all leading dry goods stores.

The stamp Viyella is placed upon every five yards of each piece.

PLAITING MACHINES AND THEIR MERITS.

Various kinds of plaiting machines have been placed on the market from time to time, and continually improvements are made to still further perfect the machine and lessen the labor connected with it.

The New York Dress Plaiting Co. has put forth several machines among which Thierfeldt's New Plaiting Machine with Spring Pressure deserves special mention, as with it a variety of plaits can be made, such as French Accordion, American Accordion, Pineapple, Side or Knife and Box Plaits. A point that is particularly in its favor is that it works much faster than the old-fashioned accordion-plaiter. It is the result of long and expensive experiment, the aim of the manufacturer being to produce a machine that would combine simplicity and cheapness with capacity for doing all the different varieties of plaiting rapidly and neatly. As the plaits are made, they are neatly pressed and steamed at the same time.

The Notching and Pinking machine made by this firm is small and clean-cut, and is invaluable to the progressive dressmaker. Work can be done with it a hundred times quicker than by hand, and with a degree of perfection never reached by the most skilled labor.

Still another kind of machine is used exclusively for side plaiting; it will plait goods up to 18 inches in width, and makes any gauge or size of plait from fine to coarse. It is heated by gas or the slugs or weights in the pressing box can be heated in a fire.

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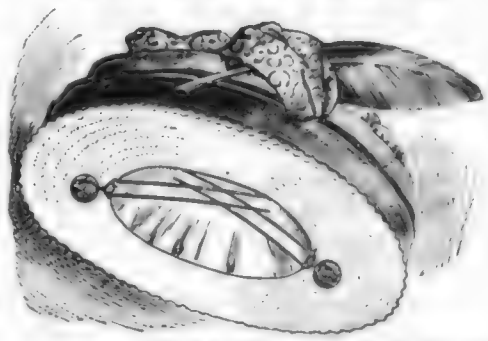

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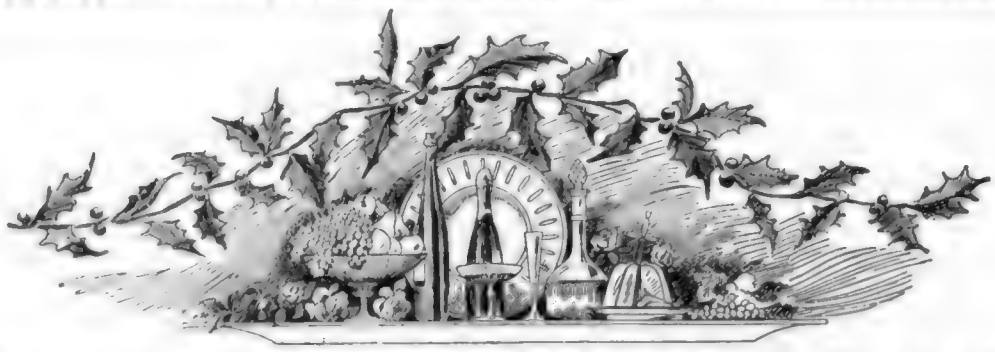


USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE pleasures of the table have been highly appreciated and carefully cultivated in all countries and in all ages, and in spite of all the stoics, every one will allow that we all can enjoy a good dinner, and that it is one of the greatest pleasures of humanity. A Christmas dinner is, generally speaking, a family gathering, and each country has its own usage and its own national dish; but as Christmas comes but once a year, it should be celebrated in a proper manner. We can give an elaborate dinner and still conform to the customs of our ancestors. It should be all cooked at home, as it is no compliment to order it from a caterer. With this in view, I write the following menu:

Dinner Menu.

HOT HOUSE GRAPES.
RAW OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL WITH CAVIAR SANDWICHES.
MOCK TURTLE SOUP.
OLIVES, SALTED WALNUTS AND ALMONDS MIXED.
BOILED SALMON, BECHAMEL SAUCE, CREAMED POTATOES, CUCUMBER SALAD.
TENDERLOIN A LA JARDINIÈRE, MUSHROOM SAUCE,
ASPIC, WITH PATE DE FOIE GRAS,
SWEETBREAD PUFFS, CHESTNUTS STEWED WITH APPLES.
CHAMPAGNE PUNCH.
ROAST TURKEY WITH BREAD DRESSING, CRANBERRY JELLY.
LETTUCE SALAD. CHEESE STRAWS.
TRILBY IN GLASSES.
ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING, ARRACK SAUCE.
PLAIN VANILLA ICE CREAM. PETIT FOUR.
NUTS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES.
COFFEE. CANDY.

The Christmas dinner is for twelve persons, but it can be used for as many as desired by increasing the quantities. It is only a simple lesson in multiplication. The marketing should be done two days in advance and everything should be gotten that the cook requires. The written menu should be handed to her, and the same to the waitress so as to avoid mistakes. The cook can prepare the salted almonds, make the soup, stir the mayonnaise, clean and stuff the turkey, and skin and lard the tenderloin the day before. The waitress must clean the silver the day before, look over the dishes, get out the linen and polish up the cut glass, so as to have every thing ready and at hand.

The hostess has more arduous duties than the ones detailed to her servants—such as the decoration of the table, the appropriate flowers and favors. "There is nothing new under the sun," it is said. Still I think we can find something if we work hard enough.

The linen must be spotless, the center piece embroidered with sprays of holly, with a silver vase filled with holly, or a miniature Christmas tree loaded with favors for each guest, put in the middle of the table. Decorate the chandelier with greens, and tie under it six streamers of white satin ribbon, three inches wide; make a nice bow with two ends and fasten it right between two guests. On each end paint the name of the persons whose seat it is to be, or pin a handsomely painted card on each end. Paint all over the ribbon sprays of holly and green leaves, alternating with quotations appropriate for the day. All those little things are surprises, which are pleasant to the eye, and start up at once a lively conversation and put the guest at ease. Have the table resplendent with silver and cut glass—it never can be too nice—and place here and there dishes filled with bonbons, salted almonds, olives, small cakes, etc. Place lights everywhere—single candlesticks and candelabra with white satin shades, on which are painted sprays of holly. Decorate the room, the mantel and every available place with Christmas greens and holly. Place on top of a dinner plate and a fine doily a cut-glass plate with small bunches of grapes, on which you have tied a little red bow of baby ribbon. When the fruit plates are removed let the waitress take either a cut glass bowl (or still better, a silver one), and with a handsome towel on which ends holly is embroidered, over her arm invite each guest to dip their fingers in the diluted rose water and dry them on the towel. I consider this a much more agreeable, expeditious and novel way than the old-fashioned finger bowls.

Put the oyster plates on doilies so as not to make much noise. Five oysters are sufficient for each portion; in the place of the sixth oyster put some Bordeaux sauce and place a caviar sandwich and a slice of lemon in the middle. Take off and serve the soup. The rest will come in rotation, the waitress will have warmed up to her work, and all will go well. When all is cleared and the coffee is served have the favors passed around as a course. Try and choose humorous articles so as to make it merry.

Mock Turtle Soup.

Prepare this soup the day before required. Clean and wash thoroughly a large calve's head, four pigs feet, lay them in the soup pot and pour over them a gallon of water. Let it boil steadily for three hours or until the meat will slip from the bones. Take out the head and allow the feet to boil to a jelly. Remove the feet bones. Select enough of the fatty portions of the head and cheeks to fill a large cup, remove the brains and put all on saucers to cool and set aside until the next day. Cut up the tongue and all the rest of the meat very fine, season with salt, pepper, powdered thyme and marjoram, powdered cloves and mace, powdered allspice and grated nutmeg. Pour this all in the soup pot and allow it to simmer for three hours. Let aside until the next day. An hour before serving warm the stock and strain it. Cut up the meat and brains that are set aside and pour them into the soup. Make small forcemeat balls and boil them in the soup for five minutes. Brown a large tablespoonful of flour, rub it smooth with a little cold water and run it in the soup. Flavor with a glass of madeira and the juice of one lemon. Chop fine two hard boiled eggs and pour them over the soup in the tureen.

Bechamel Sauce for the Boiled Salmon.

Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter with three of flour to a smooth paste, add slowly two cupfuls of soup stock. Pour in a saucepan and put on to boil with ten pepper corns, a small piece of mace, half an onion, a large slice of carrot, two sprigs of parsley and one bay leaf. Salt to taste. Simmer for half an hour, stirring frequently; then add a cupful of cream, boil up once. Strain and serve.

Aspic with Pate de Foie Gras.

To make the aspic blanch five calves' feet. Put them in the soup pot with two pounds of lean beef, one pound of veal, one slice of raw ham, and any pieces of meat that may be handy. Put boiling water on it, enough to cover it, add a little salt; skim, then add the soup vegetables and spices, the juice of one lemon and enough vinegar to flavor it. Boil until it jellies, strain and pour into a china bowl and let it stand over night. Next day remove all fat from the jelly, put it on to boil, adding half a bottle of white wine. Mix the whites of four eggs with some water, pull the pot with the jelly on the side of the range and pour in the whites, stirring all the while. This is done to clear it, and consequently the jelly must be hot; but not boiling. Keep on stirring until the whites of the eggs have become a firm mass and the jelly looks clear. Pass all through a jelly bag. Have the small individual cups ready, fill them half full with the jelly, let it stand a little while, then put a nice slice of pate de foie gras on top and pour more jelly over it, so to fill the cup. Serve cold on a dainty little piece of paper put on the plate in which it is brought to the table.

Sweetbread Puffs.

Take one and a half cupfuls of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, bring to a boil. While boiling stir into it a heaping cupful of flour, making a smooth paste. Nothing must adhere to the pot. Turn out the mass into a bowl, when cold beat in one at a time the yolks of four eggs, beat the whites to snow and add them to the paste. Salt to taste. In the meantime have ready a large cupful of blanched and boiled sweetbreads, cut in small dice-like pieces. Mix it in the boiled paste, drop it in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry a light brown. Serve hot.

Chestnuts with Apples.

Blanch two pounds of large Italian chestnuts. Pour boiling water over them and take off the inner skin. Peel and cut up fine four large onions, stew them in butter until soft. Add the pealed chestnut and enough of soup stock to keep them from burning. Salt them lightly. When the chestnuts are nearly soft put over them four large apples, peeled, cored and cut in slices. Let them simmer until soft, then sugar to taste. Serve very hot.

Cheese Straws.

Make a good puff paste, roll out very thin and spread the following mixture on it. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, mustard to taste, one egg, small lump of butter, a little salt; spread this on half of the rolled out paste, cover with the other half. Then cut in strips one inch wide and four inches long. Bake in a quick oven a light brown.

Trilby, to be Served in Glasses.

Mix together the juice of two oranges, of one lemon, one and a half cupfuls of raspberry syrup, and one quart of milk. Freeze. In the meantime whip half a pint of cream, flavor it with vanilla and sweeten it. When it comes time to serve fill the glasses with the frozen milk, put a tablespoonful of the whipped cream on top and sprinkle some grated chocolate on top of the cream.

A Light Plum Pudding.

Beat well together the yolks of four eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Then mix in half a pound finely chopped suet, half a pound of well washed currants, half a pounded of seeded raisins, one ounce of cut up citron, one ounce of cut up orange peel, two ponies of rum, half a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites of the four eggs to snow and mix in lightly. Boil for four hours. Serve on a hot dish, pour arrack over it, and just as it is going into the dining room set fire to the arrack. Have some sweetened arrack in a sauce boat and pour it generously over each portion before handing it round. Have on a tray a small lighted candle and some paper lighters, then each guest lights his portion. The effect is novel and quite unique, and the taste is better still. The above is enough for twelve persons.

Pumpkin Pie.

Stew the pumpkin in very little water until soft, strain it and press it through a sieve, or what is better, bake the pumpkin until soft, scoop out the pulp and mash it fine. Take one quart of this pumpkin pulp, put it in a bowl with the yolks of eight eggs, a cupful and a half of sugar, half a teaspoonful of ground mace, of ground cinnamon, and the same of grated nutmeg. Beat it until very light and then add slowly one quart of good milk and the beaten whites of the eight eggs. Line the tins with a good puff paste, pour the pumpkin custard on it and bake without cover. The great trouble in making pumpkin pies is the quantity of water that it contains. In baking the pumpkin that is avoided and the result is a good pie.

HOME MADE CANDY.

Molasses Candy.

One quart of best New Orleans molasses, one cup of granulated sugar. Boil fifteen minutes; then add butter the size of one egg. Stir to keep from burning. Drop a little in cold water, and if it hardens it is done. Stir quickly, take from fire; pour into buttered tins to cool. As soon as you can handle it, pull it white.

Maple Cream.

Three cupfuls of grated maple sugar, one cupful of thick sweet cream. Boil until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat with a silver fork until it is of the consistency of very thick cream. Pour in buttered tins, and when cool cut in squares.

Chocolate Creams.

One pound of confectioner's sugar, white of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix well and make into balls whatever size required. Melt half a cake of chocolate, dip the balls in it and lay on buttered paper to harden.

Cocoanut Creams.

Make the same "Dough" as above and mix thoroughly in it as much grated cocoanut as the dough will stand. Roll out about three-quarters of an inch in thickness and cut in squares or bars. Put it on paraffin or buttered paper to dry.

Cream Dates.

Make small rolls of the "Dough" and press into the dates after taking out the stone. Then roll the dates in granulated sugar.

Orange Creams.

Take the same "Dough" and grate the yellow rind of the orange and squeeze into it two teaspoonfuls of the juice. Roll out and put on paraffin paper to dry. Cut in squares when dry. Lemon creams are made in the same way, only substitute lemon rind and juice instead of the orange.

Cream Walnuts.

Roll out a piece of the "Dough" and cut it in small squares. Roll each square into a ball and press half a walnut on each of two sides. Allow it to dry and serve.

Some Famous Recipes.

It is undoubtedly true that in Washington, more than in any other city, *gourmandise* is specially developed, owing to the fact that it is not alone the center of Senatorial and Congressional life, but also of the diplomatic circle. To eat well and good is a weakness to which we are all, more or less, addicted, and when we are in a position to be supplied with recipes that have received not alone the sanction, but the praise, of famous men, we are more than ever eager to try them ourselves.

How to make a Welsh rarebit has been brought to a fine art by the caterer in question, who had one of the most famous hotels in Washington. Certainly, every one will admit that hardly one swell restaurant in ten knows how to serve a Welsh rarebit that will not kick up its legs, so to speak, when one is most anxious to enjoy peaceful slumber. All who have partaken of Welsh rarebit, as served at the hotel in question, declare it to be a dream—a poem. The recipe runs thus:

Welsh Rarebit:—Four ounces of cheese, half an ounce of butter, a spoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of cream; cayenne and black pepper to taste.

Grate or chop the cheese, then in a bowl with a spoon, or in a mortar with a pestle rub all to a uniform paste, adding or not, as you like, a tablespoonful of ale, porter, beer or champagne. Make a slice of toast which dip an instant in boiling water and place in the oven.

Then transfer your prepared cheese mixture to a saucepan and stir over gentle heat until melted, then heat up quickly, pour upon the toast and serve. Time required: From three to five minutes. This quantity is sufficient for one person.

Lobster à la Newburg.

Take two pounds of boiled lobster, pick all the meat out of the claws. Cut the meat in medium sized pieces, place it in a deep saucepan, with half a pint of Madeira and a good-sized piece of fresh butter; season with salt, a little nutmeg, very little cayenne pepper.

Then cook the whole well together for six or seven minutes; keep the lid on the pan while cooking. Beat in a bowl a pint of sweet cream and the yolks of two eggs; add to this the lobster together with two finely sliced or chopped truffles. Pour into a hot tureen and serve very hot.

Curried Oysters.

One quart oysters; one teaspoonful curry powder; one tablespoonful flour; one tablespoonful butter; salt and pepper to taste. Cook the oysters over a slow fire in their own juice. If not sufficient to cook, then add a little water, and mix in the salt, pepper and curry powder. When the oysters are firm, moisten the flour with water to make a smooth paste and with this thicken the liquor. Allow it to boil up once, stirring constantly to prevent it from burning.

Soft Clams (Chafing Dish).

Sufficient clam liquor, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, same of parsley, good-sized lump of fresh butter. When hot add yolk of one egg, well-beaten, with tablespoonful of cream. Then put in the clams, chopped, or cut up, with a glass of Madeira. Boil up once.

Sweetbreads à la Bearnaise.

Put the sweetbreads in warm water till they are white. Dry them with a towel, cut them up and cook slightly, with clarified butter, salt, and pepper, without letting them get any color. Put in a saucepan hashed shallots, bay leaf, whole pepper, grated nutmeg, one glass of tarragon vinegar. Cover the pan. When sufficiently cooked pour through colander.

For one pint of sauce put in a saucepan the yolks of six eggs, a piece of butter the size of walnut. When cooked add some fresh chopped chives. Put the sweetbreads in paper cases, then the sauce, and serve hot.

How to Boil Ham.

The night before, put the ham in a large vessel filled with cold water, meat part downward, skin part up. Next morning place the ham in a large kettle or pot of cold water and place on fire to boil. Let the water get hot gradually, and let the ham boil very gently, scarcely more than simmer. At the end of three hours take the ham out, pour away the water and fill the kettle with fresh cold water. Put the ham back immediately and let it simmer three hours more. Then add according to the size of your purse, vinegar, claret, burgundy or champagne and let it simmer for three hours more. Then take the ham out, skin it and put it in a cool place. When entirely cold trim it and eat when you are ready.

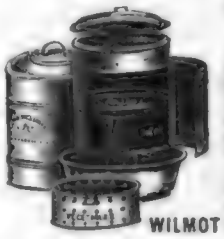
* * *

APHORISMS.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.

* * *

A loving woman will keep her heart warm as long as she lives, and her hair black as long as she dyes.



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DESCRIPTIONS OF PLATES.

ATTRACTIVE BALL GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 630.—Ball gown of tucked and plain pale blue Liberty silk. Corsage trimmed with ruffles of plain silk, similar garniture on skirt. Sash of chiné ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 631.—Gown of white Louisine, trimmed with appliqué embroidery. Décolleté corsage, with fichu drapery caught with buckle. Elbow sleeves. Skirt ornamented with ruffle at edge. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 632.—Gown of white taffeta, black jet-embroidered net and black velvet. The velvet is edged with jet galloon and the different parts are held together with jet ornaments. Rosette and drapery at bust of pale-blue Liberty silk. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME EVENING TOILETTES.
(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 633.—Gown of white satin with colored appliqué embroidery. Plaited décolleté waist, drapery of white chiffon, bowknots of jet galloon. The skirt is arranged in wide folds and is full and undulating around the bottom. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 634.—Gown of lemon Louisine. The waist is entirely draped and the short puff sleeves are laid in box-plaits. The skirt is tucked in clusters and is trimmed with plaited ruffles and appliqué. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 635.—Gown of cream-colored chiffon trimmed with lace insertion and plaited chiffon ruffles. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY INDOOR GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 639.—Gown of tan Henrietta cloth. The waist is entirely tucked and has a wide box-plait in front. Above the plait the material is embroidered with white, gold and pale-blue, same embroidery appearing on collar and cuffs. The tucks of the skirt spring out at the bottom in flounce effect. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 640.—Gown of white cloth. The waist is box-plaited and opens over lace vest threaded with black velvet ribbon. Sailor collar of lace and ribbon. Upper part of sleeves box-plaited, lower part tucked. Flounce skirt trimmed with straps and small buttons. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 641.—Gown of royal-blue cloth. Waist cut with basque and trimmed with triple sailor collar and tabs. The lower part of the sleeves are puffed and banded with lace insertion. Skirt tucked in clusters. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

THE LATEST TAILOR-MADES.
(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 889.—Tailor made of mixed goods. Jacket with Norfolk effect. Yoke trimmed with stitching. Vest of light cloth. Velvet collar and belt. Gored skirt, inverted plait panel front. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

Fig. 890.—Costume of broadcloth. Eton, with straight-front effect. Double-breasted vest of light cloth. Peau de soie facing. Trimmed with braid and soutache. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

SOIRÉE GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 636.—Gown of dotted pastel-green Louisine. Décolleté waist, plaited, and trimmed with embroidered white Louisine bands, vest and drapery around décolleté of white net; appliqué leaf trimming. Puffed elbow sleeves. Skirt trimmed with embroidered bands. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 637.—Gown of white peau de soie, trimmed with lace insertion and black velvet ribbon. Bolero effect of plain silk. Skirt trimmed with tucked bands. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 638.—Gown of white peau de Gant. Décolleté corsage, fichu of white Liberty silk edged with ruffles. Bolero trimmed with appliqué embroidery. Skirt with inverted plaits, trimmed with embroidery in panel effect. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SMART VISITING GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 642.—Costume of silk and wool material. Waist tucked in deep-yoke effect and trimmed with lace insertion. The lower part of the sleeve is a puff of white Louisine gathered into a narrow, lace-trimmed cuff. The skirt shows a deep yoke and panel front. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 643.—Costume of old-rose silk and wool material. Waist tucked in clusters; yoke and vest of lace trimmed with panne velvet folds. The skirt is tucked at the top and has tucked flounce headed with band of panne velvet. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

PRETTY THEATER WAISTS.
(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. A.—Waist of pale-blue Louisine or taffeta. Clusters of tucks separated with row of drawn work. Vest and puffs on sleeves of chiffon. Tabs trimmed with lace, velvet ribbon and buttons. Velvet ribbon lacing. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. B.—Waist of taffeta or peau de soie, tucked. Vest of Liberty silk, trimmed with velvet ribbon and lace. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. C.—Waist of taffeta or peau de soie, tucked, and trimmed with embroidered bands of contrasting color; short, embroidered tab extensions. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. D.—Waist of black net over colored taffeta, trimmed with straps of taffeta and velvet ribbon. Jabot and vest of Liberty silk. Lace collar and insertion. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CHIC FLANNEL WAISTS.
(Illustrated on page 15.)

Fig. 160.—Waist of pastel-green Viyella, trimmed with stitching and velvet piping. Velvet ribbon lacing. New standing collar. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 161.—Waist of white flannel, tucked in clusters and trimmed with embroidered straps piped with velvet. Plaited vest of contrasting color. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 162.—Flannel waist, inset bands and extension vest pieces of contrasting color, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY TEA-GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 258.—Tea-gown of pale-blue China silk, trimmed with bands of tucked silk, framed with lace insertion; also tucked flounce. Puff sleeves. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 259.—Tea-gown of rose-pink surah, trimmed with lace insertion. Large collar. Lace jabot. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 260.—Tea-gown of white surah, tucked in clusters and trimmed with lace insertion. Large revers ornamented with embroidery. Sash of white chiffon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

MISSES' PARTY DRESSES.
(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 644.—Dress of white point d'esprit, trimmed with embroidered bands or lace insertion. Puffed elbow sleeves. Black velvet belt. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 645.—Dress of figured Louisine. Yoke and vest of tucked plain silk trimmed with lace insertion. Skirt with tucked flounce trimmed with lace insertion in diamond effect. Velvet collar and belt. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 646.—Dress of figured Louisine. Yoke, vest and stock collar of plain silk. Waist with wide tucks; skirt trimmed with ruffle. Velvet ribbon belt. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 647.—Dress of white Liberty silk. Waist entirely tucked and mounted on plain yoke, trimmed with lace. Skirt tucked in clusters and trimmed with ruffles. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS.
(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 648.—Frock of white Louisine. Tucked yoke trimmed with lace insertion. Waist trimmed with ruffles and straps threaded with velvet ribbon. Skirt tucked at top and trimmed with lace insertion in panel effect. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 649.—Frock of figured taffeta, vest of plain silk, berthe and revers of plain silk, trimmed with lace. Plaited skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 650.—Frock of rose-pink surah, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon and lace. Elbow sleeves tucked and trimmed with lace ruffles. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 651.—Frock of pale-blue Liberty silk, tucked yoke, trimmed with lace insertion. Skirt trimmed with insertion in panel effect. Elbow sleeves tucked at top. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

SERVICEABLE SCHOOL FROCKS.
(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 652.—Frock of blue serge, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Waist opens over vest of serge and Liberty silk. Skirt with inverted plaits. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 653.—Frock of brown cheviot. Waist has yoke effect in front of plaid silk or velvet, trimmed with cheviot straps piped with velvet. Skirt trimmed with plaid around bottom. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 654.—Frock of plaid Viyella. Waist opens over vest of plaited silk. Fronts and edge of skirt trimmed with stitched cloth straps. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 655.—Frock of scarlet cloth. Yoke of white cloth. Waist cut with straps that trim the yoke. Skirt trimmed with straps of light cloth. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 656.—Frock of plaid cloth. Vest and panel front of skirt of plaited white taffeta or cashmere. Sailor collar of white cloth trimmed with velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

TASTEFUL CLOTH DRESSES.
(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 657.—Dress of blue cashmere. Blouse trimmed with berthe of the material, strapped with black velvet. Tucked skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 658.—Dress of brown cloth. Blouse trimmed with shawl collar of the cloth edged with fur. The skirt has a tucked flounce headed with a band of fur. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 659.—Dress of gray and white check material. Waist opens over vest of pale blue taffeta, strapped with narrow velvet ribbon. Fronts edged with stitched white cloth straps. Tucked skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 660.—Dress of plaid cloth, combined with white cashmere, which fashions the blouse. Bolero of plaid trimmed with velvet ribbon. Plaid skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 661.—Dress of garnet cloth, trimmed with black silk stitching. Blouse with cape collar draped with light cloth strap. Skirt with inverted plaits. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

DRESSES OF PLAIN AND FIGURED MATERIAL.
(Illustrated on page 32.)

Fig. 662.—Dress of gray cashmere, waist tucked and trimmed with bands of plain material bordered with insertion. Skirt with tucked flounce. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 663.—Dress of plaid Viyella; waist trimmed in Norfolk effect with bands of plain material, yoke bordered with similar fold banded with velvet ribbon. Skirt with narrow flounce. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 664.—Dress of dark-green cashmere. Tucked yoke, waist trimmed with stitched bands. Tucked flounce on skirt. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 665.—Dress of plaid woolen goods. Waist of plaited white cashmere; bolero and skirt of plaid. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 665½.—Dress of figured material. Yoke, vest and sleeves of figured silk or flannel. Straps of plain cloth trimmed with stitching and velvet buttons. Collar ornamented with soutache. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

WHAT THE DIVAN OVERHEARD.

THIS is the story of Emily and Fred, as taken down in shorthand by the divan and written out by the small mahogany writing desk in the little sitting room. For quite a while the manuscript lay hidden in a volume of poems, but one day it fell out when the maid was dusting, ultimately into the light of publicity. If what the divan says is true an engagement ring is not always solemnly symbolic, and the divan ought to know. The story runs as follows:

"Here is the very same corner," said Fred, leading Miss Emily Slater into a little sitting room at the far end of the house. She sank down on the couch and he sat down beside her.

"Not quite the same," she said.

"And why not?" he inquired.

"Or else my eyes are weaker now," she continued, with a barely perceptible peep at the lamp.

"Thank you," said Miss Emily, when he again sat beside her, after lowering the lamp.

"You should blush for that," he said.

Emily laughed. "Perhaps I am blushing. You cannot see."

"Look out through the library and across the hall," said Fred, "and see the dancers go by the door in time to the beat of the violins. The very light out there seems to throb with the odor of roses."

"I could die listening to a waltz," she remarked, with a contented sigh and her eyes half closed.

"There is no need of that," he laughed, "you dance divinely yourself, Miss Slater."

"You were not always so respectful of divinity," she replied.

"What do you mean? How respectful?" he asked, puzzled.

"I was Emily once," she said.

"I——"

"However, I suppose it's proper that you should call me Miss Slater—how funny that sounds from you, Mr. White!—because engaged men should be very proper, shouldn't they?"

"How about engaged girls?" he retorted.

Emily laughed.

"Oh, that is very different, Mr. White."

"I fail to see that."

"You do? Then you must ask her. She will tell you so, I'm sure. But she's told you how you must act, I'll bet. Perhaps she's warned you against me, has she? Now, Bobby lets me——"

"She has done nothing of the kind, Emily," he returned, with some asperity.

Emily stooped to smooth her skirt and smiled.

"Perhaps you never told her about me?" she inquired.

"I never have."

"She may have guessed."

"What is there to guess?"

"That's exactly what I tell Bobby," said Miss Emily.

"Fred," she continued a moment later, letting her arm lie carelessly along the cushions till her finger tips touched his hand, "do you remember our last dance together?"

"No," he said.

"Excuse me for taking so much room," she said, withdrawing her arm. Then, in a very proper voice: "It's very nice, being engaged, don't you think?"

"I find it so."

"Every man doesn't feel obliged to—well, to be attentive, you know."

"And you are glad not to have to flirt?"

"You are very unkind," said Emily.

"Oh, then you are sorry?"

"I never flirt, Freddie."

"Oh," said Fred, "I seem to remember——"

"I thought you had forgotten."

"The Teddy Driver episode," he finished.

Emily became pathetic, a result achieved by folding her hands in her lap, pouting the least bit and looking straight before her with eyes open very wide. She spoke with the faintest tremor in her voice. "Perhaps I cared for him a tiny speck," she said.

"Nonsense."

"Oh, I know you think me a little flirt."

"No, not a little one. It is a privilege to flirt with you."

"That proves you think so. If you didn't you wouldn't pay me silly compliments. Can't you understand (she spoke with sudden earnestness, leaning forward and laying her hand on his arm) that a girl may have really cared for other men beside the—the last one? Do you suppose that a girl always marries her first love? Will you, yourself? Is a woman so poor in love that she cannot give away a little bit of her affection along her path and not hoard it all for some one who may never come? Even if she sometimes does encroach on forbidden ground? You understand, don't you?"

Their glances met and lingered.

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

"You may term it flirting, if you like, but in all my episodes, as you call them, I have really cared for the men—and I care for some of them still, although they have forgotten me."

Again their eyes met.

"Do you care for some of them still—really?" he asked.

"Really," she answered, very low.

Her hand slipped away from his arm, but the fingers still rested against it.

"Listen," he said. "Is not that the same waltz?"

"The very same," she replied.

"You put my rose in your hair the dance before."

"That was our signal that you were to come for me."

"How I watched your dark head in and out the early dances, and how I hastened to you when I saw my rose."

"I know; you were absurdly hasty," chuckled Emily, "and you nearly fell down in the middle of the floor."

"I didn't, either. Any way, I was afraid that you would change your mind."

"Oh, no," said Emily.

"And then we came here."

"That was your suggestion."

"But it was you who discovered the spot in the first place."

"Are you sorry?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

"And when we were here," said Emily, "you told me that you were going away next day for a long, long time, and you said—well, you were rather foolish, Fred."

"Was I?" said Fred. "Any way you told me that you were very sorry that I was going and you made me think that you meant it."

"I did," said Emily.

"So we said good-by here in our corner, as we called it."

"You promised that you would come again."

"And you gave me the rose from out your hair and told me that I must keep it for you, like a true knight of the table."

"And you, you silly boy, kissed my hand."

"And then?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"And then?" said Emily, very softly.

"Fred!" she said an instant after, "you should not have done that."

"A little bit of her affection along the way," he quizzed.

"That does not include what you—took, then."

"Never?"

"Never!" she answered, as the music of a new dance struck up. "What would she say? And you have this twelfth dance with her, too. Come, we must go."

"The twelfth?" he cried. "Is this the twelfth? Why, it was the tenth I had."

"You told me the twelfth. I am sure you did," said Emily. "Oh, I am so sorry I have kept you from her!"

But when he left her she smiled.

—Selected.

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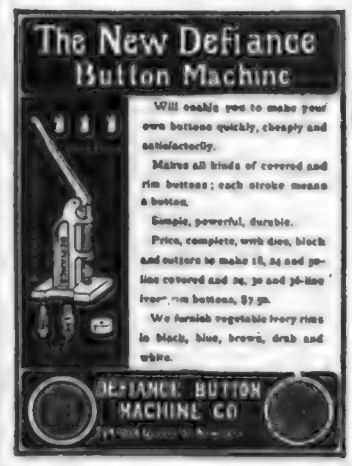
An unexcelled Uterine Supporter.
The center tube holds it in position, and it cannot become misplaced. It is soft, light, and comfortable, easily placed in position, and just as easily removed. Ask your Druggist, or send for descriptive circular to WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Phila.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" 2 " Nov. 15th } Styles

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Published Six Times a Year

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" 2 " Dec. 1st } Styles
" 3 " Jan. 1st } Styles

No. 4 about April 1st } Fall
" 5 " May 1st } Styles
" 6 " June 1st } Styles

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McDOWELL'S PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRESSMAKING

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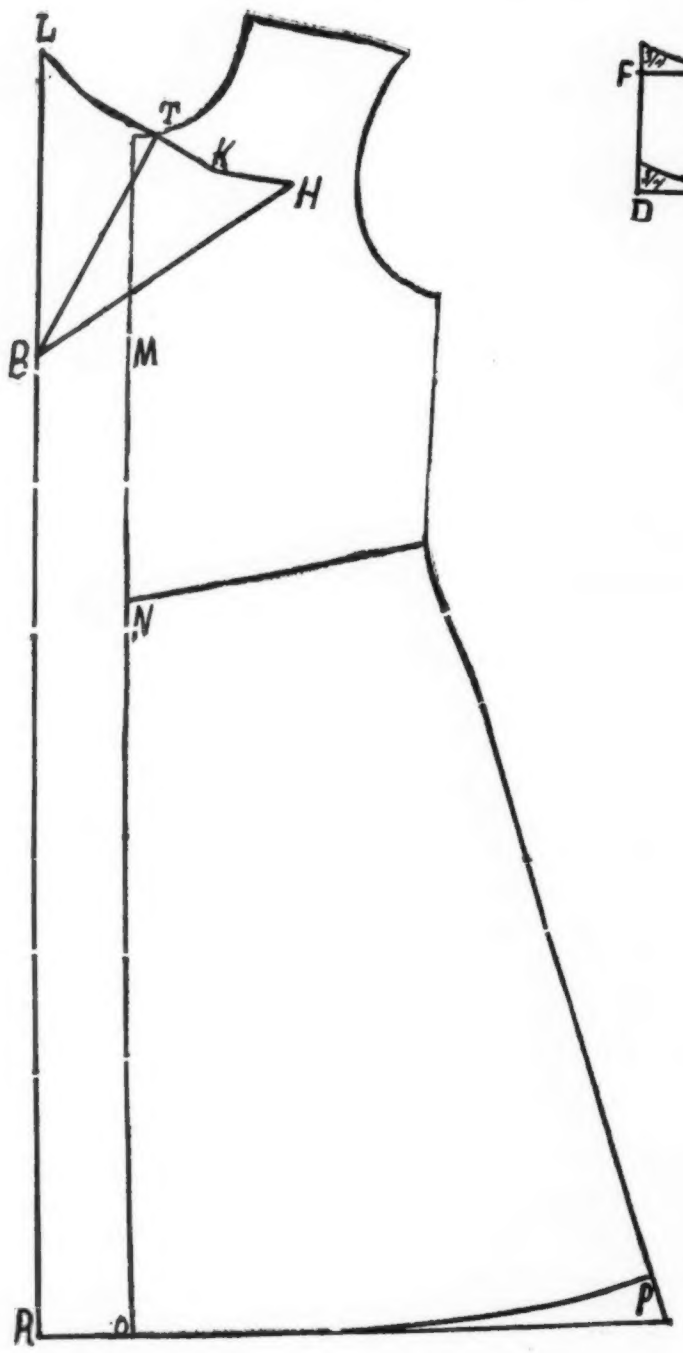
Full Length, Double-Breasted Box Coat.



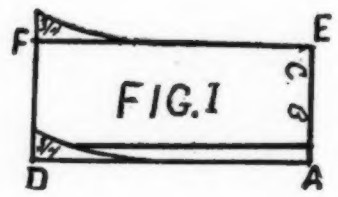
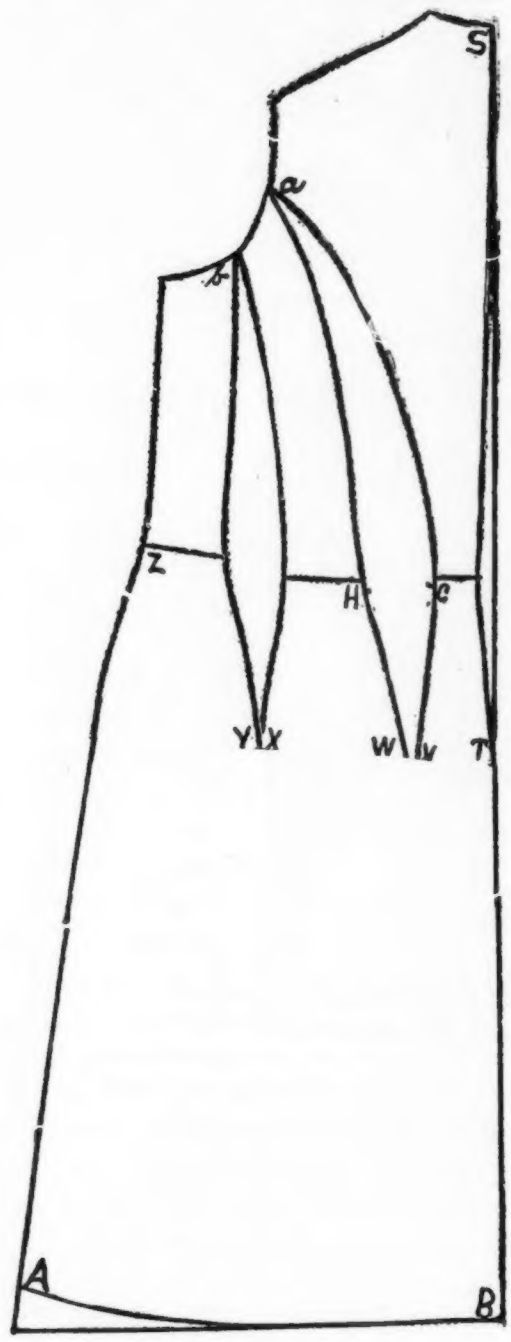


FIG. 1



This coat is full length with the box front and back. It may be cut either single or double-breasted as you may desire.

This garment will hang straight down the back from the neck to the floor; there is only one seam in it and that is under the arm. Set the machine in the regular way to the lady's measures; after it is all set, then enlarge it as directed in your Instruction Book on page 36.

THE BACK.

Fold the material and lay the back of the machine so the sewing line, marked S and T on the cut, will come on the fold edge of the goods, or the edge of your paper if you are drafting a pattern; then mark the sewing line of the neck, shoulder, armhole and circle. Measure from the waist line down to B the length you desire the coat in the back. Square out from B toward A, about 26 inches.

THE SIDEBODY.

Since we do not want a seam between the sidebody and back, we place the sidebody so the sewing line at the armhole will meet the sewing line of the armhole on the back, as shown at *a*; have the sewing line at the hip meet the sewing line of the back, as shown at V, W; then draft all the sewing lines. We do not use these lines in the coat but simply draft them to assist you in joining the pieces together. It is well to draft the cutting line at the armhole on this piece.

THE UNDERARM.

Place the underarm piece so the outside edge at the armhole will meet the cutting line of the sidebody at the armhole; have the sewing line of the underarm meet the sewing line of the sidebody, as shown at *b* and at the hip, as shown at X, Y; then draft the sewing lines. Next continue the hip line down to join the line from B toward A; then measure the length from Z to A and curve from A to centre of gore.

THE FRONT.

Draft the front in the regular way except the darts; do not mark them, as this coat is to have the box front. Continue the fold line down from N to O, the length the coat is to be in the front; measure from O to P about 25 inches; continue the hip line down to meet the line at P, then measure the length from the waist line over the hip and curve from there to the centre of gore, as shown at P. For a double-breasted coat we add 4 inches from M to B and the same amount from O to R; then draw new fold line, as shown from B to R. You can draft any style rever you may desire by first drafting the fold line, as shown from B to T; then draw line B, H, K, T. This gives you the exact style and shape of the revere. Trace an exact pattern of the rever, as you have drafted it, and place it so the edge will come to the fold line and point H will come to point L, then trace around the outside edge. This gives you the exact amount of goods and the correct shape for the rever.

THE COLLAR.

Fig. 1 represents a regular tailor's collar and is drafted as follows: Draw straight line A, D, 1 inch more than half the neck measure; draw line from A to E, the depth you desire the collar; draw straight line from E to F; measure up from D ¾ inch and the same amount from F, then curve back to the centre. The line C, B is the centre of the back. Allow for all seams on this garment, as the lines we have given you are the sewing lines.

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